

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

December 15, 1949

Ten Cents

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IN FULL COLOR

Life Inside the Vatican

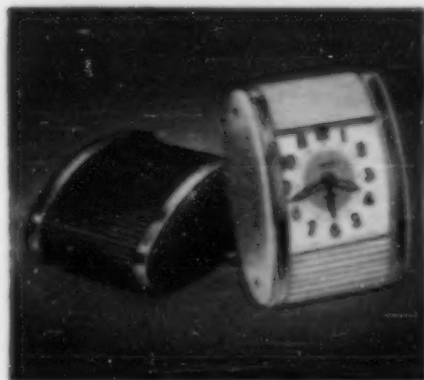




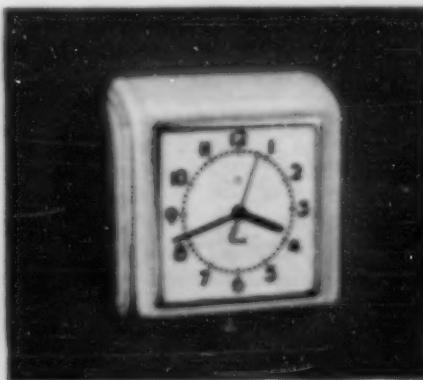
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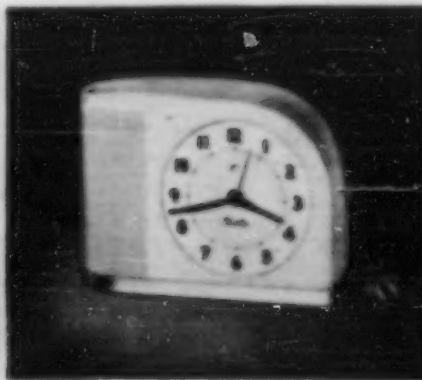
BABY BEN has a considerate alarm that adjusts to loud or soft, as desired. Smart looking in black or ivory finish, \$5.25. With luminous dial, \$6.45.



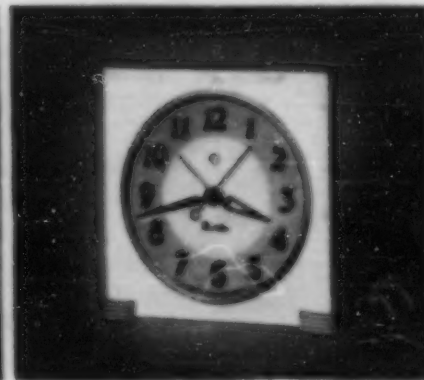
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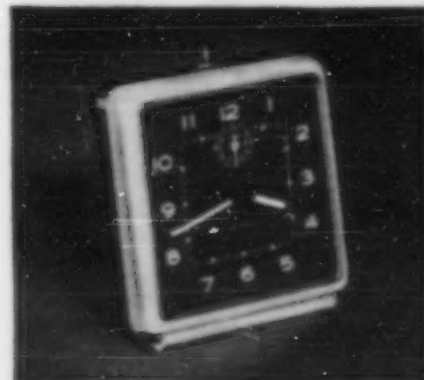
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Christmas
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NEW Parker "51"



Lovely Teal Blue Gold Cap Pen and Pencil Set, \$26.50; Pen \$17.50; Pencil \$9.00. Available also in Black, Burgundy and Cocoa.

Smart, sleek Black Lustrous Cap Pen, \$14.50; Pencil to match, \$7.00. Other available colours: Teal Blue, Cocoa and Burgundy.

Many, indeed, are the gifts costing far more than the NEW "51" writing instruments shown on this page. Yet, for all their greater price, they will not be so eagerly desired—nor delight so much—as these latest gift achievements of the World's Pen Authority.

See the models illustrated on this page at your dealers. These gifts that thrill over and over again are ardently longed for by practically everyone on your shopping list from the ages of 16 to 60. . . . Inspired giving this year, the NEW "51" pen masterpieces!

Parker
World's Pen Authority

PARKER PEN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



Burgundy Gold Cap "Demi" Pen, \$17.50; Pencil to match \$9.00; Set, \$26.50. This dainty pen set is the answer to your gift problem. Available also in Black, Teal Blue and Cocoa.

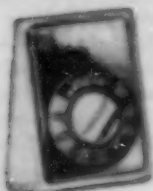
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Automatic control of top
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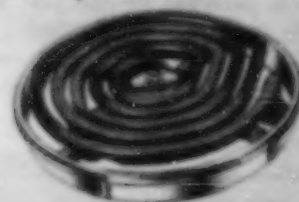
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Set indicator. Bell rings
when time is up.



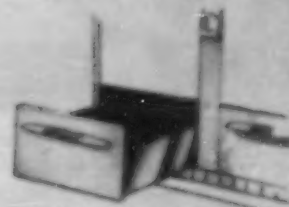
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*electric
range*



Cakes, roasts, steaks... serve them forth - cooked to perfection with your new Moffat!

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All these and a host of other features are yours in the New Moffat Ranges. With the New Moffat you enjoy your cooking better - and your family enjoys better cooking. See the new Moffat Electric Ranges today at your Moffat dealer.

Shown above is the Super-Deluxe fully automatic model 1225 with two full-sized ovens.

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WESTON, ONTARIO



MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

"Peace on Earth . . ." Do We Mean It?

FOR 10 years now Christmas has had a sad irony about it. Choirs sang "Peace on earth, good will to men," while armies killed each other with scientific ferocity, while erstwhile allies bristled at each other across a new no man's land, while new instruments of death were brought each year to more hideous perfection.

Men could be pardoned for thinking the Christmas story an outworn fable, an amiable fraud like Santa Claus with which to comfort children.

God knows there is still enough reason to think so. Words of hatred and insult have become the clichés of the new diplomacy. The United Nations, set up as the guarantor of

peace, has degenerated into a cockpit of the cold war.

Enmity is becoming a duty, friendship or even the hope of friendship a kind of treason.

Surely the spiritual values of which Christmas is a symbol give the lie to that. Surely it is not inevitable that we can convert each other only by the torture chamber or the radioactive cloud. Surely it is not impossible that we at least could live side by side without converting each other at all.

Surely Christmas is more than a toy merchant's paradise.

But we will have to rediscover its inner meaning if we are to wage a successful peace.

Lawmakers Should Not Be Lawbreakers

AS PARLIAMENT'S first session ends, the Government can point to a fairly solid record—Privy Council appeals abolished, constitutional reform begun, housing and Trans-Canada Highway plans laid. With all this to talk about, the Government may well believe its sins are already forgotten.

We hope it's wrong there. This Government has been guilty of deliberate defiance of the law, by the very men sworn to administer it. This is an offense that ought not to be forgiven.

By the Combines Investigation Act, the Minister of Justice is obliged to publish any report of the Combines Investigation Commissioner within 15 days of receiving it. That clause has been kept in the act by the Government's own insistence. A couple of years ago John Diefenbaker urged them to modify it—he thought it too rigid, leaving the Minister no option but to publish even an unfair report. The Government brushed him off. The "white light of publicity" was just what they wanted, they said; abolition of that clause would defeat the main purpose of the act.

That was their attitude until December 29, 1948, when Fred McGregor turned in his report

on the flour milling industry. Mr. McGregor's views on the flour millers were acutely distasteful to the Government, especially to Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe. If the Government accepted the McGregor report and acted upon it, Mr. Howe felt he would be double-crossing his friends.

On the other hand, if the Government publicly repudiated the McGregor report, Opposition parties would have gained a powerful weapon for the then pending election campaign. The Government could have been represented as the friend and protector of a monopoly in restraint of trade.

So, in the words of Justice Minister Stuart Garson, the Government "took the responsibility" of ignoring the law. Instead of publishing the McGregor report, they sat on it until after the election.

This action is indefensible—as the Government well knows. No coherent defense of it has been attempted. Liberal M.P.'s admit cheerfully that the Government is wholly in the wrong, but they add cynically that the voters will have forgotten it by 1953.

If we forget that easily we deserve the kind of treatment we've been getting.

A Memo to Santa Claus, Detroit

A FRIEND of ours recently acquired a car for the first time since before the war. After a few weeks in the grip of postwar traffic jams he has come up with two suggestions for the motor manufacturers—one practical, one a trifle visionary.

As a practical step, he urges a motor horn that will not sound when the car is standing

still. The idea came to him in a block-long line behind a stalled car; every second or third car in the line was driven by the type of moron who thinks that if he honks loudly and long enough, the car in front of him will move.

His second suggestion is more the wistful sort. He'd like to have a car equipped with a portable parking space.

Here's happiness and fun
for everyone
...this Christmas!

Budget Terms

can be arranged with your
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Model C182—Plays all types of records. Precision-built mechanism. 6 tubes, 12-inch Dynapower speaker. G-E Electronic Reproducer \$249.00



Model C204—Features new 45 r.p.m. automatic record player in tilt-forward panel. Base Mount. 6" x 7" oval speaker. Cabinet of fine craftsmanship. Low-priced \$149.00



Model C194—Console radio and 45 r.p.m. phonograph. Walnut or oak finish. 6 tubes. 8" Dynapower speaker . . . \$109.00



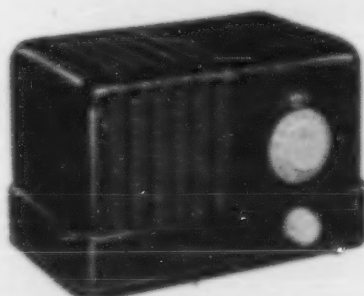
Model C202—An elegant console radio at a wonderful price. 6 tubes. 3 Gang condenser, short and long wave. 10" Dynapower speaker. Built-in Beam-Scope antenna \$149.00



Model C204—Authentic 18th Century period cabinet. 7 tubes. 12" Dynapower speaker. 3 speed change with G-E Electronic Reproducer. Standard and short wave bands \$349.00

GENERAL ELECTRIC

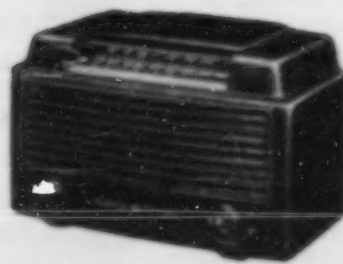
Radios for Christmas!



Model C400—New, low-priced radio. Compact, lightweight plastic. Dynapower speaker. Choice of 6 gay colors \$79.00



Model C140—Rush-hour personal portable. plays on AC, DC, or batteries. Powerful, clear tone. With batteries \$49.00



Model C206—FM and AM reception. Big Dynapower speaker. G-E Gallatin Tuner. 8 tubes. Gives wonderful static-free reception . . . \$49.00



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For Safer Winter Driving



Driving in winter can be safe, convenient and enjoyable — but only if safety regulations and reasonable precautions are carefully observed.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports a total of 74,738 motor vehicle accidents for the year 1947 alone (latest figures available). Of these, 1,611 involved one or more fatalities. This indicates a need for much greater care in driving the year 'round.

Safety authorities agree that most accidents are the result of drivers'

mistakes. By far the most important cause of accidents is the failure of drivers to adjust speed to changing road and traffic conditions. For example, a high percentage of fatal accidents happen at night, when vision is obscured, and many occur in inclement weather, when roads are slippery.

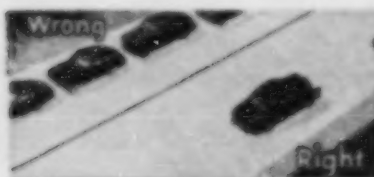
Traffic experts stress driving at reasonable speeds as one of the most important steps in reducing highway accidents. In addition, they make a number of other suggestions, some of which are illustrated below:



1. **Vehicle defects** are reported as contributing causes in many accidents. So, it is important to have your car completely checked at regular intervals to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Particular attention should be given at all times to brakes, tires, steering mechanism and lights.



2. **Skidding on slippery surfaces** is a frequent cause of accidents. To help avoid this, brakes should be applied with light pressure, then released and applied again. Jamming the brakes on will lock the wheels and may cause a skid.



3. **Collisions** frequently occur when cars are too close together. On dry pavements, a good rule is to allow one car length for every 10 miles of speed. This margin should be increased at night, on slippery roads, or at high speeds.



4. **Emergencies** need not always cause accidents if drivers know how to handle them. For example, when a tire blows out, keep a tight grip on the wheel and allow the car to slow down before applying the brakes. This makes it easier to prevent swerving or skidding.

The cardinal principle of safe driving is to keep one's car under control at all times. Only as more and more motorists observe this basic principle can the number of automobile accident fatalities be reduced.

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Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

In the Editors' Confidence

OF ALL the pictures brought back from out-of-the-way parts of Canada by Richard Harrington perhaps none is as amazing as the one on this page, of Harrington himself wreathed in wolverine fur and a Bob Hope smile. Amiable as he is Harrington is never able to work up more than a stray quirk of a smile while within range of city lights. To prove to metropolitan friends that he really knows how to grin he flew from Toronto to Edmonton to Coppermine, chartered a dog team to haul him deep into the Northwest Territories, then, taking a good look around to make sure the last skyscraper had dropped below the horizon, he handed his camera to a passing Eskimo, let himself go . . . and smiled.

The other Harrington photos on pages 8 and 9, illustrating the story of his 1,000-mile dog team trek across the Arctic, we'll admit are almost as striking as the self-portrait. In fact, we'd say Richard Harrington is about the No. 1 photographer of the Canadian Far Northland — nor has he many serious rivals when it comes to catching the face of Canada in his lens anywhere from Manitoulin to the Magdalens to the Queen Charlottes.

A short, chunky fellow with a tangled shock of wiry hair, Dick Harrington is a former hospital X-ray technician who discovered it was more fun pointing a camera at people than through them. At about the same time—1933 he thinks it was—he married a librarian named Lynn from Sault Ste. Marie who wanted to write. Since then they have been roaming this country together with cocked lens and baited typewriter, except occasionally when Mrs. Harrington gets stranded among the big buildings while Dick heads off by air and dog team for one of his less accessible hunting grounds.

Photographer Harrington is a little concerned about one point in his story where he states that a bottle of whisky froze solid at 60 below. "It was sort of a solid slush," he explains, "but there may have been some pure alcohol trickling around in the centre of it."



In the Arctic, Harrington thaws.

To doublecheck, a zealous Maclean's researcher called a prominent distiller (a Mr. Worts) who obligingly froze a 26-ouncer to find out. The facts: At 60 below, the whisky did indeed become a slushy solid. Conclusion: Why go to the Arctic if you have to ruin a bottle of rye?

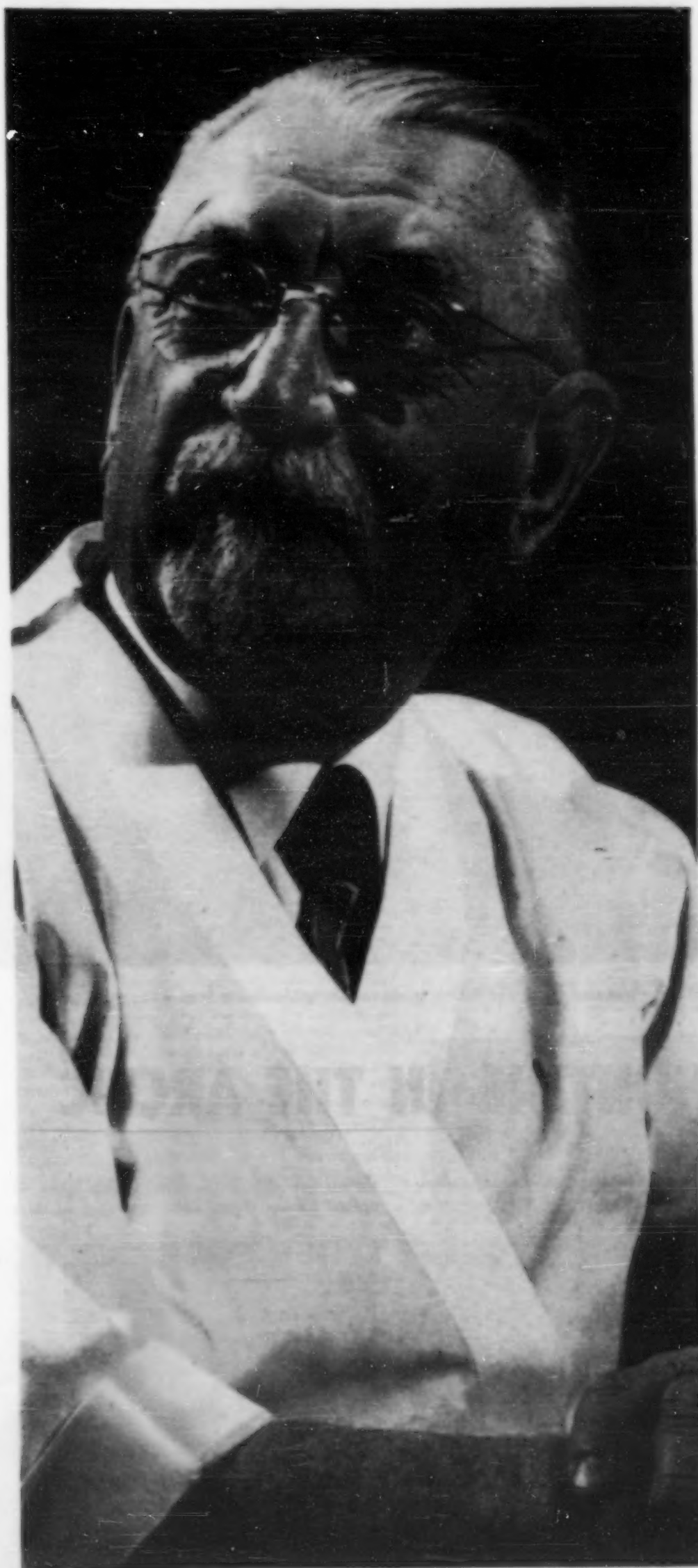
● Clyde Gilmour, who wrote the piece on pages 22 and 23 about the movies of 1949, has a fair idea of what a dramatic writer is up against for he has written for the stage himself. "Aladdin, or Genie With the Light Brown Hair" had a run of one night as an amateur offering in Edmonton in 1942 when Gilmour was covering City Hall for the Journal with the energy left over from his playwrighting.

Gilmour joined the Navy the same year and served on the North Atlantic and in Newfoundland where he learned several Newfie songs which he has sung two or three times on the CBC and two or three million times for his friends.

Last March he left the Vancouver Province for the Sun where he reviews movies. Gilmour who likes going to the movies and would probably spend a good deal of his time in their air-conditioned dimness even if he weren't being paid for it says: "My job is ideal—I'm crazy about it. I'm not married but I'm not a confirmed bachelor." The italics are Mr. Gilmour's who has had them ever since he was born in Calgary back in 1912.



FRANKLIN ABUCKLEY sketched the cover scene from Jacques Cartier Bridge where it crosses several streets before it leaps over Montreal Harbor. "The day I made my sketches," writes the artist, "was one of the summer's hottest. As I sketched I indicated snow on the roofs and it must have been the snow that caught the eye of a man walking across the bridge. He stopped, walked back and looked again at the drawing. Then he looked at the scene below, and then at me. He went away shaking his head without saying a word."



PAINLESS PARKER

The Outlaw Dentist

A Bonus-Length Feature
By IAN SCLANDERS

Jerking tigers' teeth, hiring circuses, scattering dimes made millions for this New Brunswick boy when he brought his genius for showmanship into dentistry

PAINLESS PARKER, who has made more money at dentistry than anybody else in history, has pulled molars from the mouths of lions and tigers while crowds cheered and news cameras clicked.

He has also held parades, hired tightrope walkers and human flies, and caused near-riots by emptying buckets of silver coins on busy streets.

His flamboyant publicity stunts have attracted millions of patients to his chain of dental offices, which is the largest in the world. But they have scandalized aedate members of his profession.

In the last half century he has been prosecuted often and jailed occasionally. He has been the chief target of scores of laws to regulate and restrict dental advertising.

But, at 78, Canadian-born Parker remains a self-styled "outlaw of the tooth-fixing business," who snorts with contempt at "ethical dentists."

"They've done their best to hound me to death," he says, "but how many ethical dentists have got what I've got?"

Painless Parker, who looks like the late Frank Morgan plus a Vandyke beard, has a luxurious town house in San Francisco; a ranch which is one of the show places of California's Santa Clara Valley; a yacht capable of crossing the Pacific; a stable of fine riding horses; a private swimming pool; a different automobile for each day in the week.

He has 19 offices in California, three in Oregon, four in the State of Washington, one in Nevada, and one in Canada, at Vancouver.

He has a staff of 800, of whom 250 are dentists. The other 550 include receptionists, nurses, technicians.

He has his own loan company—"pay for your plates as you wear them"—and his own collection agency.

In addition he has interests in New England. State laws don't allow him to have out-and-out branches there but he owns the offices, equipment and goodwill of a group of dentists who practice as his "associates."

His gross annual revenue has been estimated at \$5 millions. He refuses to confirm this figure, but admits that in some years his personal income has been so high that the U. S. tax department has appropriated nine tenths of it.

Parker is proud of his financial success. And he enjoys talking about his fantastic career. When he recalls a funny incident from the past he throws back his massive head and explodes in a wall-shaking laugh.

But there's an underlying wistfulness in this noisy extrovert. "All my life," he shrugs, "I've tried to be dignified. But, you know, I'm not dignified. You can't turn a showman into an ethical dentist."

He insists, nevertheless, that even his more florid antics have been part of an "educational campaign" to dispel ignorance and fear of dentistry and teach the need of dental care.

More conventional dentists have termed Painless Parker a fraud, a quack, a disgrace to the

Continued on page 54



It's like the ALUMINUM business

PLANTS — all kinds of plants — need supplies to thrive on. This is true of *plants* in the garden, and true of *plants* which make articles of aluminum.

Vegetable plants draw their supplies from the soil and the air. The 1000 and more aluminum manufacturing plants across Canada draw theirs from us.

And just as different garden plants produce different leaves, flowers, roots and fruits, so these manufacturing plants shape our aluminum into a variety of useful forms — kitchen ware, garden tools, furniture, bodies for aeroplanes and trucks . . . all sorts of things which people want because they are light and economical.

We and these independent manufacturers make a team. They draw on us not only for aluminum but also for the technical services of our laboratories. And because we produce, here in Canada, a quarter of the world's aluminum, they are able to buy this metal at lower prices than anyone else anywhere.



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Dick Harrington mused his cameras 1000 miles across the top of the world to take a new portrait of the icy north

By RICHARD HARRINGTON
with Gerald Anglin

EARLY THIS year a 25-year-old RCMP constable named Dick Connick embarked on an 800-mile Arctic patrol by dog team. From Coppermine on the Arctic Ocean he headed inland in a shallow arc which carried him more than 500 miles across what the storybooks call "trackless Arctic wastes" bringing him out to the frozen coastline again at Bathurst Inlet; then he cut back along the coast to Coppermine.

Connick was 33 days on the trail at temperatures so cold (50-60 degrees below zero) that his sled dogs' breath left vapor trails hanging above the sharp-crunching snow and a bottle of rye whisky froze solid.

He bunked overnight in a canvas tent or snuggled in with a dozen different Eskimo families on the sleeping benches of their snowhouses. He ate frozen beans, frozen biscuits and frozen caribou steaks (all usually thawed out before eating) and still-frozen raw fish.

He was storm-bound in igloos two and three days at a time with the air outside a solid fog of whirling snow.

Though normally handsome enough to be a Hollywood Mountie, after three weeks on the trail Connick was red-eyed shaggy-faced and given to dreaming of hot baths and real beds. And film fans would be jolted to learn that this real-life Mountie dared all the rigors and dangers of the Arctic mainly to authorize family allowance payments to Eskimos.

I should explain that the bottle of rye was mine, not Connick's, and that I was along lugging four cameras; some of the pictures I took appear with this article.

I've spent five years roaming Canada as a photographer and a trip to the Eastern Arctic a couple of years ago had convinced me that I wanted to see some more of the Far North. That's how I came to share Constable Connick's trek across the top of the Northwest Territories as far as Bathurst Inlet; when his route turned back I pushed on east with an Eskimo guide another 250 miles to a small trading post at Perry River, and then northwest across the frozen seas of Queen Maud Gulf to Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island. Here I got an airlift back to Edmonton with the RCAF.

I must have traveled about 1,000 miles without seeing a road sign, a service station or a hot-dog stand. On the other hand, I fell down no icy crevasses, was chased by no wolves (we did see one) and never got lost—though almost every day we got "lost" in the elementary sense that we didn't know which way to go from wherever we were!

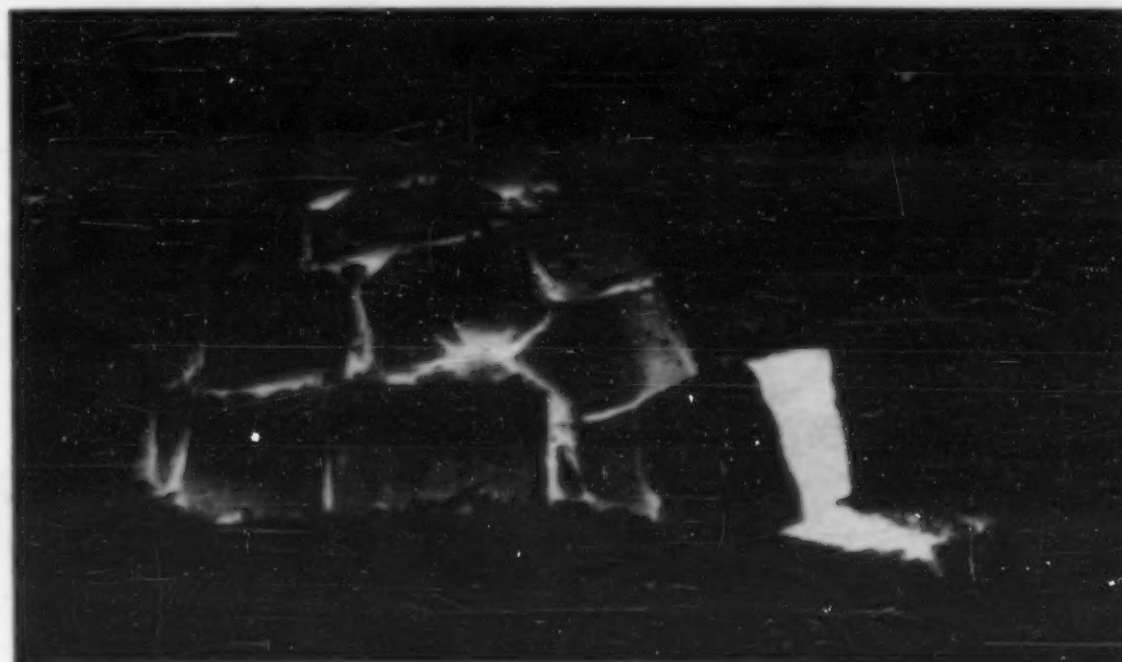
The only first-aid kit I carried was a package of aspirin and the only injury I suffered was a crack on the head when Dick Connick forward-passed a tin cup to me and I missed.

Looking back, I'd say the trip was probably less dangerous than any 1,000 miles by highway at today's accident rates and I saw a vast and wonderful part of Canada that few of my city neighbors are ever likely to know.

When I first arrived at Coppermine a full moon rolled around the sky 24 hours a day and the only sunlight was a glow reflected from the frozen seas to the north; before my trip ended we were having 12 hours sunshine a day. *Continued on page 51*



An Eskimo Man of Distinction, Koikhok, stretches caribou hide under a willow frame to make a drum. He has steel-grey eyes — most natives have jet-black — and an unusual growth of hair.



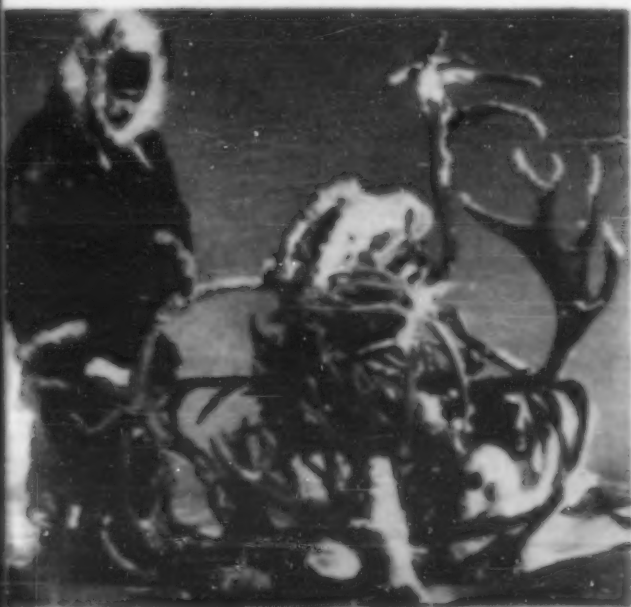
An overnight roadhouse (no bar) in the trackless wastes. Four tallow candles provide the light. Cutting the iceblocks with a Bay Company snowknife Eskimos built this igloo in an hour.



In no man's land between Coppermine and Bathurst Inlet Connick of the Mounted (left) and Eskimo guide run alongside sled to keep warm at 60 below.

WE WENT BABY-HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC

Connick inspects tangle of caribou horns which lie above recent Eskimo meat cache.



With his bow of musk-ox horn, drawstring of caribou sinew, sure-shot Eskimo hunter takes bead on game.



Mother and child inside igloo (photo taken with natural light). Naked babe doesn't even shiver.



BLOW THE HORN FOR CHRISTMAS

By PAUL ERNST

THE COUNTRY lay under a thick white coverlet of snow, and it was lovely stuff, fresh as eggs right from the hen. On one corner of the cleared intersection was a general store, old as the hills, built here when both the roads were dirt. On the other, cater-cornered across, was the gas station of Joe Foster. It was new and shiny, and the pumps were new and shiny; so were the hopes and ideals of Joe and Katie Foster, though Katie's now were getting little spots of rust on them.

On the first floor were the repair shop and office inhabited by Joe and a small counter room where Katie dispensed sandwiches and coffee from 10 a.m. till seven. On the second was the apartment, and the Fosters were up there now, since it was 11 o'clock on Christmas Eve, though according to Kate it was not Joe's fault they were together.

"Let someone ring the night bell," she said, "and you'd be down there putting on his chains or filling his radiator. And a lot of profit you make out of water."

"Now look," protested Joe, "we've gone through this before. Maybe I do get interrupted a lot after hours—we never should have planned to live where we work, I guess. But this is Christmas Eve, and I wouldn't go downstairs for the Prime Minister himself."

"Yahh!" said Kate. She was a small girl, quick and agile, beautifully made, with light grey impatient eyes and hair as black as India ink.

"I put the sign up—Closed 7 p.m.," said Joe. "I hung the mailbox over the night bell. I've closed the blinds and plugged the telephone."

"And you've been down twice since you closed, once during dinner." But there was no real sharpness in Kate's grey eyes, there was just love and worry and a lot of rebellion.

JOE GOT up from the new sofa—everything in the four-room apartment was new and shining and well cared for—and went to his wife. He was not so tall, but he was certainly broad. He had shoulders like the side of a bus, arms in proportion; and when he swooped and lifted Katie from her chair the arms seemed scarcely to know they had a burden in them. He was dark so that if he wanted to look clean he had to shave twice daily, which he did because he was a young independent businessman with ambition.

"Put me down!"

"You going to stop beefing? You going to stop picking on me?" said Joe.

"You're a dope," she said, "nice, but a dope. I'll pick on you with a tire iron if you don't put me down."

Joe didn't exactly put her down. He sank back onto the sofa with her on his lap and with her arms around his neck. He looked around the place.

"Nice," he said. "A home of our own, our own business, two acres so we can expand as much as we want. By the way, when are you going to start expanding?"

"Don't be common," said Katie. "Months yet."

"I can just see it," Joe dreamed. "Foster & Son, Gas, Oil, Supplies. Maybe deep-freezers and refrigerators . . ."

"Suppose it's not a son?"

"Then we'll stake her out in the sandwich shop and keep on till . . ." He writhed and said, "Now Katie! Quit tickling!"

A horn blew downstairs, and Katie stopped, and Joe cleared his throat.

"Joe," she said warningly.

"I know," he said. "I'm not going down."

The horn blew again, sharp, imperative.

"It's Christmas Eve," said Joe.

The horn blew for thirty seconds straight.

"I've got a right to a little time with my wife," said Joe doggedly. "I'm no doctor."

THERE WERE quick, questioning voices down below, and an uncertain step or two and then the slam of a car door. A starter whined, gears clashed angrily, and motor noise died off down the road.

Kate sat in Joe's lap and looked at him.

"Well," Joe said very briskly, "another forty-eight minutes and it'll be Merry Christmas. I wish I could show you your mink and diamonds now, but I can't till after midnight."

"Joe."

"The new town car won't be delivered till noon tomorrow, I'm afraid. And I couldn't locate a chauffeur—"

"Joe." Kate turned his head so that his dark eyes met her grey ones. "Are you going to keep wondering what that man needed?"

"Not me," said Joe. "If he runs out of gas and sits all night in a snowdrift it's his own fault. You shouldn't start out with no gas. Or if he gets a cracked cylinder block because he's boiled his water out—or if he sideswipes somebody because he doesn't have his chains on . . ."

"I'll sideswipe you if you—"

Joe sighed, then grinned. He leaned back and put his feet up on the coffee table and said, "Why, yes, I will have another bottle of beer, and very nice it was of you to offer to bring it to me."

"I don't seem to remember offering to bring you anything."

"Simply because you didn't think of it. If you had thought of it, a fine generous girl like you. Here, I'll show you one of your Christmas presents and then you get the beer."

The Christmas present was a note from Mrs. Cozinka, up the road. Mrs. Cozinka, a plump, vigorous woman with a hand for cooking, had written: "I'll be glad to help out Mrs. Foster with the sandwich shop and take it over later when she needs me to."

"Oh, Joe, you darned fool," said Katie. "We can't afford help."

"We can't afford to have anything happen to the & Son, of Foster & Son, either. And now some rapid service with the beer, please."

They had the beer, glancing now and then at the clock. Up to two years ago this hour of a Christmas Eve would have found them dancing some place with paper streamers trailing and confetti showering. Each thought of this a bit, and then listened to the deep country stillness broken only now and then by the clinking of a car's chains almost like bells as it rolled in snow-muffled smoothness down a road.

The night bell rang.

Kate glared in exasperation.

"Kate, I hid that bell!" Joe said defensively. "I'm telling you, I hung the mailbox over it."

"Then how could anybody find it?"

"How would I know?" Joe listened, frowning. "I didn't hear a car drive up. You suppose it's those people that blew their horn a while ago? Stranded somewhere?"

"I don't care who it is," Kate snapped. But she did, of course. She could talk all she pleased but on a night like this she could be as concerned as Joe.

Joe sighed and got up. "Must be a neighbor, to know about the night bell." He clenched a large fist. "It'd better be something important!"

He hadn't heard a car drive up, but there was a car in the lane he'd shoveled between pumps and building. It was an old sedan, and standing outside the office looking up.

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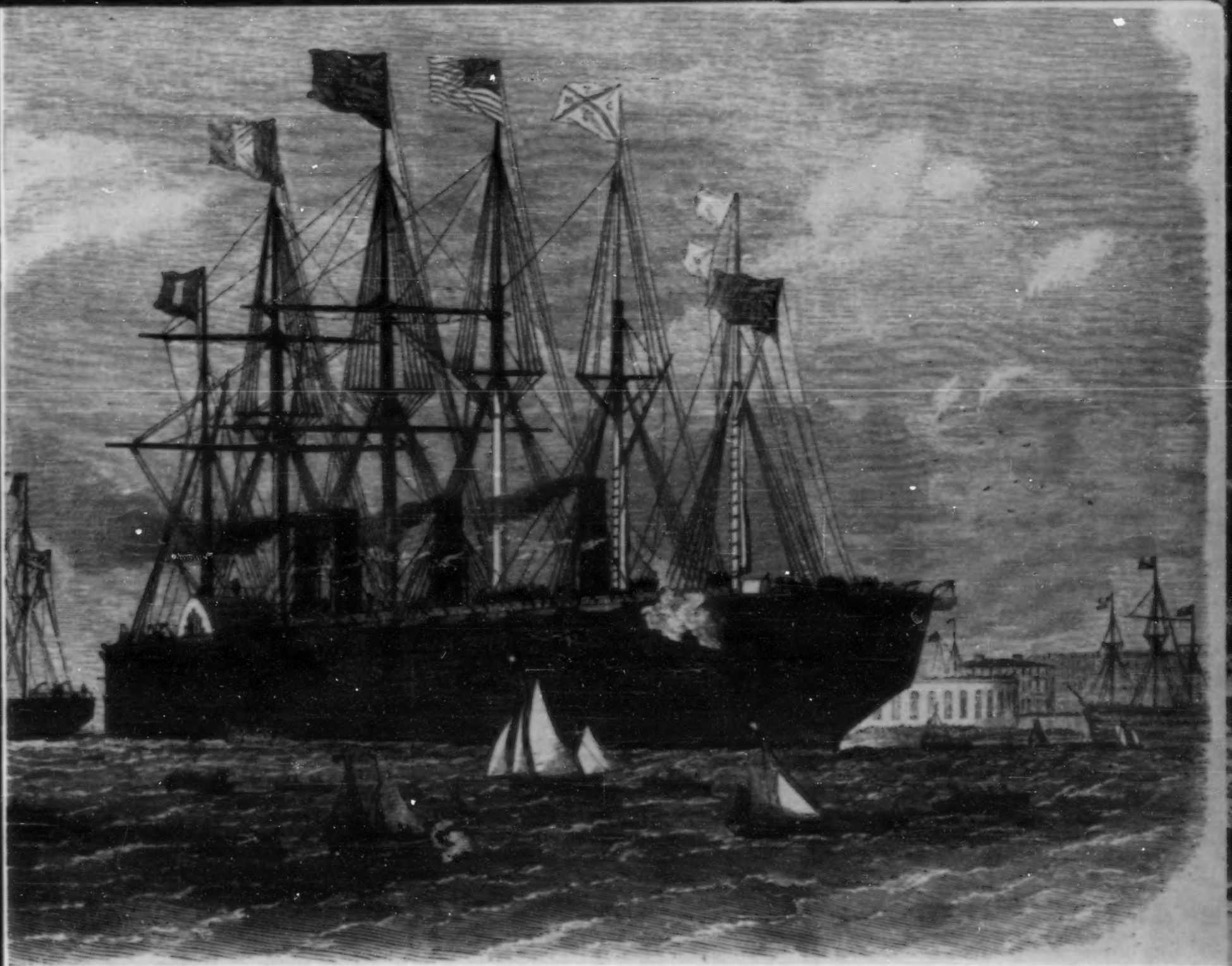
ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK BUSH



Joe knew this bearded old fellow
with a sack of toys wasn't Santa. He
wouldn't haul you out on Christmas
Eve to fix a flat tire. Or would he?



"You're a dope," she said, "nice, but a dope."



Too big for her time, Great Eastern by 1869 was laying a French cable. Gone was one funnel and her grandiose saloons. But she might have been a harem.

and still again at the same three ports on the way home. As of August 1853, when the specially formed Eastern Steam Navigation Company announced it was going to build the Great Eastern, the best Australian run any steamer had ever made left her owners £1,000 in the red, although the ship had a full cargo both ways and all the passengers she could carry. And other steamers had been known to lose as much as £20,000 in a single round trip.

Brunel figured that if a ship were built which could carry enough cheap English coal to take her to Australia and back she would make a profit instead of a loss—a thumping 40% a year in fact.

To Launch Her, Three Months

THE shareholders were naturally delighted at the prospect of terrific dividends, and saw nothing out of the way in Brunel's idea. But ordinary folk, when they realized it meant building an iron steamer nearly 700 feet long, decided he must have gone crazy. Newspapers had a field day with him. Punch, already established as the one humorous paper an English gentleman could decently laugh at, poked solemn fun at the whole project. And the editor of the Record, a religious weekly, told his readers point blank a ship that big was contrary to the will of God.

Brunel and the Eastern Steam Navigation

Company went ahead anyway. The first step was to get the £1,200,000 of capital they thought would be enough (it wasn't, and by the end of a year and a half they had to stop work until they could raise more money). The next was to lay the keel, which was done in Scott Russell's shipyard at Millwall on May Day, 1854. What happened next was described by a writer in the Quarterly Review:

"The voyager up and down the Thames has noticed with astonishment the slow growth of a huge structure on the southern extremity of the Isle of Dogs. At first a few enormous posts alone cut the sky line and arrested his attention, then, vast plates of iron, that seemed big enough to form shields for the Gods, reared themselves edgewise at great distances apart, and as months elapsed a wall of metal slowly rose between him and the horizon."

Wandering openmouthed through the vast hull the Review's man decided that the Great Eastern would be too enormous to pitch or roll in the waves.

But the iron giant soon got under way on her career of heartbreak.

After lying more than a year at her moorings off the shipyard while a new company was formed to take her over from the Eastern Steam Navigation people for £330,000—they had been bankrupt by the unexpected extra cost of her three-month launching which set them back £120,000—the new ship sailed on a trial

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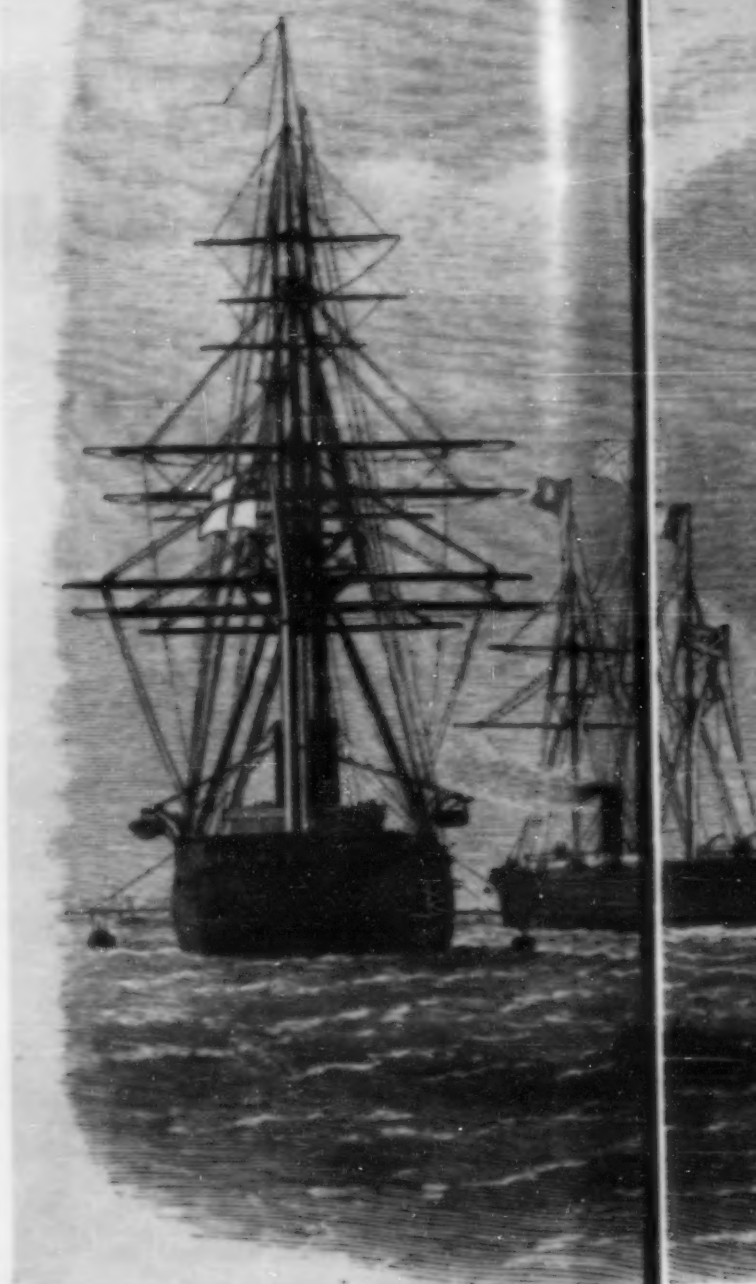
Isambard Brunel. He built her, then died.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

THE SHIP THAT WAS CURSED

By Peter Davidson

The black iron monster that was the Great Eastern steamed with dread and disaster across the North Atlantic nearly a century ago, wrecking lives, high hopes and fat fortunes



LATE IN the afternoon of January 31, 1858, the black hull of an enormous iron steamer slid into the Thames from a shipyard at Millwall, near London. Huffing little tugs, like water beetles under a cliff, towed the monster to her moorings in the river. At 6 o'clock a message to Queen Victoria, sent by electromagnetic telegraph to Windsor Castle, respectfully informed Her Majesty that the biggest ship in the world had now been launched. It was named Great Eastern.

The new giant was not only immensely big. She was also immensely unlucky—so unlucky that people talked of her as a ship under a curse. Nearly every time she sailed she killed or maimed at least one man on board. She ruined the company that built her, every successive company that bought her, and all but two of her charterers.

Every sailor in England was sure she was haunted. Doom and disaster rode with her to the end of her days; and when she was at last broken up for scrap, after 30 years of fantastic misfortunes, she had firmly established herself as the outstanding white elephant of maritime history.

The Great Eastern was as much bigger than any other ship of her day as an express locomotive is bigger than a farmer's buggy. Even now there are only 14 longer ships afloat (she measured 692 feet), and only 51 larger by gross tonnage (hers was 22,500). And no ship, not even the mighty Queen

Elizabeth, has ever equaled her width—120 feet at the paddle boxes.

She could carry 800 first-class passengers, 2,000 second-class and 1,200 third, and had a crew of 800. The largest of her public rooms, the grand saloon, was 60 feet wide and 120 feet long. The main mast (she had six masts altogether) towered 207 feet above her acre of deck, and her five funnels were 100 feet tall. Her 56-foot paddle wheels (she also had a screw propeller which weighed 60 tons) were as big as the centre ring of a circus.

She cost £1,500,000 to build. Allowing for the difference between the buying power of money in the 1850's and now this represents about \$40 millions.

Designed by Isambard Brunel, the most famous engineer in all England, the giant was meant to be not only the largest but the fastest, safest and most comfortable ship ever built. On paper she seemed to be just that. At sea, and even before she slid down the shipyard ways into the Thames, things turned out very differently.

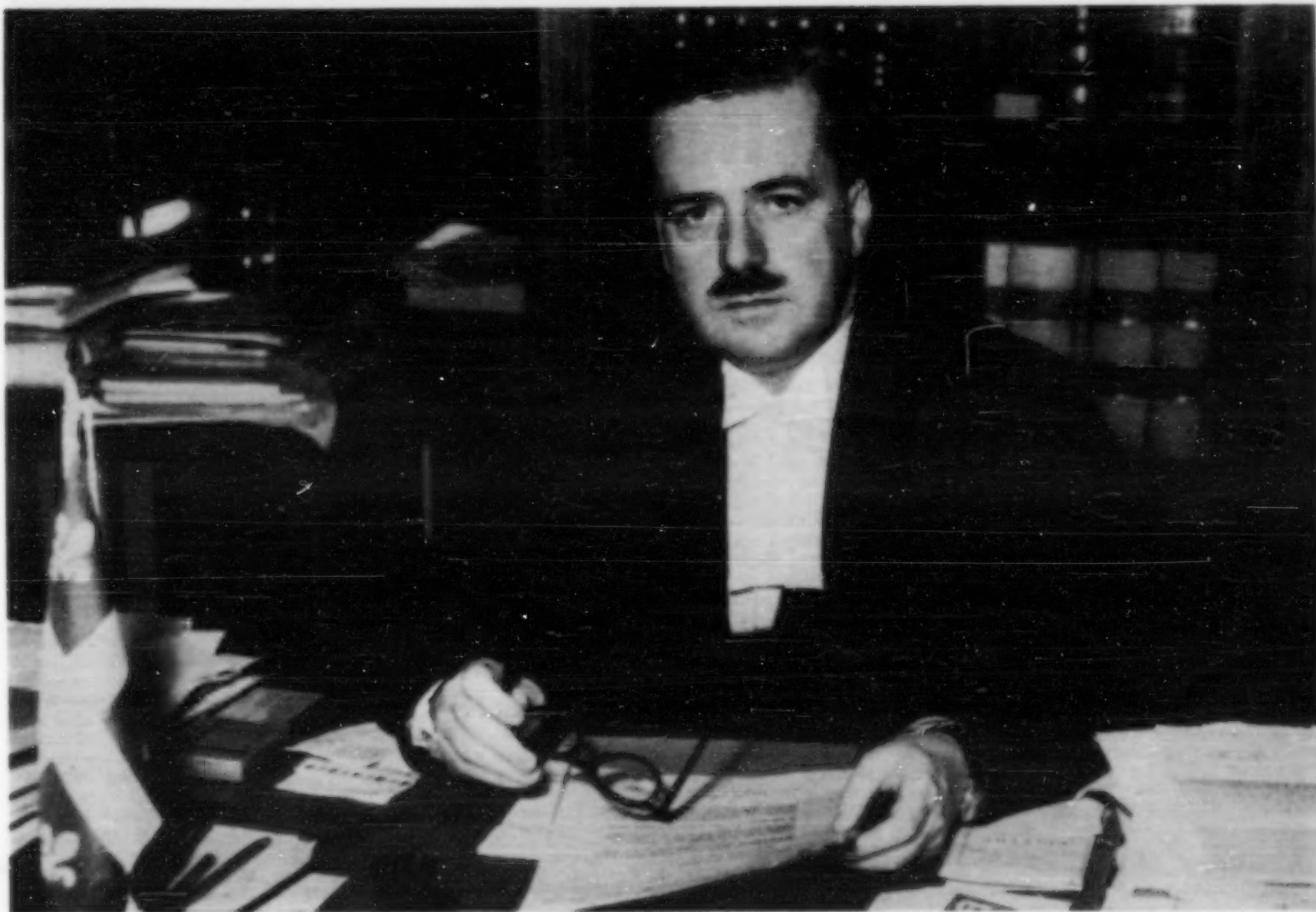
During construction, which took four years instead of the expected two, the Great Eastern killed a boy and five men, counting two riveters who mysteriously vanished while they were working on her. Launching her, which should have taken three minutes, took three months, killed two more men and crippled nine others for life. On her trial run

she killed seven more men; and Brunel, desperately ill from overwork, died when he heard the news.

Far from proving the wonder ship Brunel hoped for, in 20 voyages she hung up an all-time record of failure—a fantastic tale of ruin, death, disappointment and sheer farce, filled with such improbable matters as the Affair of the Silly Spy, the Restlessness of the Noisy Ghost, the Mystery of the Vanished Riveters, and the Insomnia of the Emperor of France.

Her few real successes came when she was laying submarine telegraph cables, a thing she had never been intended to do. Most of the 30 years she lasted were spent at anchor under the watchful eye of the commissioners for bankruptcy. Seven years before Confederation she brought the 60th Rifle Regiment from Liverpool to Quebec; and that run to Canada as a troop ship was the only happy and prosperous ocean crossing she ever made.

The reason Brunel designed a ship so staggeringly big was quite simple. The Great Eastern was built to carry passengers and cargo between England and Australia. The largest steamers then on the Australian run—1,800-tonners the monster could almost have hoisted aboard as lifeboats—always lost money at it because they couldn't take on much coal at one time. They had to refuel at St. Vincent's, the Cape of Good Hope and Mauritius outward-bound, again when they got to Australia.



What does it take to make a great criminal lawyer? Rivard's recipe: 10% law and 90% psychology.

The Case of The Beauty and the Boarder

By FRANK HAMILTON

WHEN young Antoine Rivard went to his father, the late Mr. Justice Adjutor Rivard, and told him that he had decided to handle a murder case, the elder Rivard was shocked. The 104-year-old law firm of Rivard, Blais and Gobeil had never handled a criminal case before.

"Very well, *mon fils*," he finally said. "If that's what you want to do go ahead, but you'll find criminal law will keep you pretty busy."

It has. Since that day in 1926 Antoine Rivard has handled almost 5,000 criminal cases. He has won fame as a stubborn and brilliant courtroom fighter who has lost only four of the 39 murder cases he has defended. His dramatic technique, his ability to win at the bell cases that looked hopelessly black for his clients, has earned him the title "the Perry Mason of Quebec." He has also found time to give a daily lecture at Laval University and become the No. 2 man in Quebec

politics. (As *Ministre d'Etat* he is actually a minister without portfolio; unofficially he is acting Attorney-General.)

Rivard seems to star in cases which call for almost superhuman efforts but which never lack the ingredients necessary to catch the interest of the sensation-seeking crowd.

Take, for instance, the "Case of the Beauty and the Boarder," the amazing Gallop case of 1923. It is unlikely that Rivard will ever again encounter a greater challenge to his tenaciousness as a criminal lawyer than he did in this four-year struggle.

The principals in the case were a young, dark-haired beauty named Emily Gallop and her greying, middle-aged husband. They were a New Brunswick couple who did not get along very well, the main trouble being Gallop's frequently voiced suspicions that his lovely young wife was unfaithful.

In an effort to straighten out their marriage and start life anew they moved to the Roberval district of Northern Quebec where Gallop got a job at the nearby Isle Maligne power development. They bought a house, took in a Canadian boarder to

help pay the mortgage, and settled down to live happily ever after.

But Emily Gallop was unpopular in Roberval from the start and rumors began to circulate in the little town on the shore of Lac St. Jean. It soon became common gossip that Emily and her boarder were lovers, and eventually the gossip reached the ears of Emily's husband.

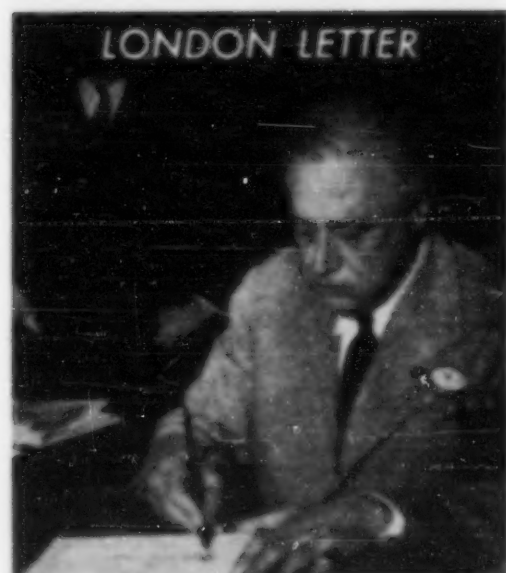
As resentment against Mrs. Gallop grew into open hostility, more than one of the townsfolk said it would serve her right if her husband killed her in one of the violent quarrels which had become a nightly attraction in the entertainment-starved little town.

Then one spring evening soon after eating supper Gallop was stricken with severe stomach cramps followed by convulsions. Emily phoned the doctor, and Gallop was rushed to the hospital. A few minutes later he was dead.

The town gossips were momentarily stunned. But when, the day after the funeral, Mrs. Gallop left for a holiday in New Brunswick, accompanied by her boarder, rumors

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Part Two of the Story of Antoine Rivard, Famous Criminal Lawyer



Roosevelt signing the war declaration in 1941. Baxter asks: Wasn't the time for it in 1939?

Open Letter To an American

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

ALL GOVERNMENTS do strange things but in Britain we recently found with some astonishment and resentment that our Government for one whole month had stamped on overseas letters the words: "Britain says thank you for food gifts."

Some of us felt that this was an unworthy and undignified attempt to remind our overseas friends of favors to come. So the matter was raised in the Commons and we further learned to our astonishment that, because of mechanical limitations, all outgoing envelopes carried the stamped message. One still wonders what impression it made on the Russians, Germans, Bulgarians and Yugoslavs.

The Minister, however, did give an explanation. Kindly folk in the Dominions and the U. S. had been rather hurt at receiving no acknowledgment of their gifts, and the Minister of Food thought that a message on all outgoing letters might show that the British were not ungrateful.

Among others I intervened in the debate and used these words:

"I will try not to stir up any party controversy, but it must be apparent to all sides of the House that at the present moment Great Britain presents to the world a spectacle bordering upon the mendicant. If one goes to the United States one hears these words. It does not mean that the American people are not generous, but they are beginning to look upon us as a country lining up in the queue for benefits either of money, credits or food parcels."

I then mentioned the admirable arrangements in Canada for sending food parcels to Britain and added:

"All this shows that the kindness toward this country is as great as ever, but we do not want sympathy and we do not want charity."

Perhaps the meaning of that last sentence should have been elaborated but I knew what I meant and what I felt. In Parliament however, words are apt to take wings, and within a few days a number of

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Slow Fuse Under a Traitor

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

ANOTHER thing the Government swept under the rug last spring, along with the British dollar crisis and the McGregor report on the flour millers, was the deportation of Count de Bernonville, convicted of treason by the courts of postwar France but still a free man in Montreal.

Immigration officials tried to deport de Bernonville once before. They failed because their tribunal was improperly set up, but the attempt roused a political dust storm in Quebec. Men like Mayor Camillien Houde leaped to the defense of the martyr of Vichy.

By last May the Immigration Department was ready to go ahead again with its case against de Bernonville before a new tribunal. The dossiers were handed over to counsel—but for some reason, nothing happened. By coincidence, a general election campaign was in progress.

In September the Immigration Department hoped to get ahead with the hearing, but nothing happened. For one thing, the appointed counsel was very busy with other big cases. For another—by coincidence—there were eight by-elections coming up in October, and five of them were in Quebec.

A month ago the green light was finally turned on. There was some further delay, as it was found impossible to get the key witnesses together at once, but the second hearing is really going forward.

There seems to be little doubt of the Immigration Department's technical right to deport de Bernonville—he was admitted to Canada under a false name with another man's passport.

Morally, there is more to it than that. If de Bernonville were really a bona fide refugee whose

offenses were purely political, precedent and ordinary humanity would both warrant his remaining in Canada despite his breach of the regulations. The

Immigration Department is therefore setting out to prove two additional contentions: (1) That de Bernonville is no ordinary political refugee, but an active collaborator with the Nazis who was personally responsible for the torture and death of French Resistance fighters; (2) that in spite of the fact that he was convicted and sentenced to death *in absentia*, French law permits him a new trial when he returns to face it in person. Deportation would not, therefore, be "sending him to his death" as his defenders maintain. It would merely be sending him to trial, on a capital charge recognized by Canadian as well as by French law.

THINGS have been moving faster lately in negotiations to modify the Newfoundland bases agreement. (See "Where the Yanks Rule Part of Canada," Maclean's Nov. 15.)

No new terms have yet been settled, but the Canadian Government is well satisfied with the rate of progress. After many months of what looked like sheer stalling, discussions are now clicking along smoothly and a mutually agreeable solution is expected in a matter of weeks. Optimists hope it may come before Christmas, pessimists expect it early in 1950.

One tangible gain has been made: The United States Air Force, after flatly refusing to do so for 10 months, has paid the damages imposed on Captain Emil Prenoveau by the Newfoundland Supreme Court. Prenoveau was the overzealous U. S. officer who tried to

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Treatment has started at last; a complete cure may come soon.

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WARRIOR IN THE VATICAN

With his "invisible divisions" of 370 millions Eugenio Pacelli, Pius XII, 262nd Pope of the Church of Rome, has launched an all-out fight against the forces of materialism

By NERIN E. GUN

VATICAN CITY—Two Swiss guards, seemingly straight out of an opera in their yellow pantaloons and silvery glinting halberds, escorted the young man in the tweed suit to the ducal room. Here major domos were in waiting, stately in black velvet, their necks weighted with heavy gold chains.

A prelate in a violet cassock made the young man kneel on the marble, and the mosaics reflected the image of a bike-racing champ who is as popular a figure in Europe as Barbara Ann Scott is in Canada.

Padding noiselessly toward him, an old man clad all in white grasped the young man's hands and lifted him from his knees. "I have prayed for you each morning, my son, in the hope that the Lord will grant you victory for the Giro . . ."

Champion bike racer Gino Bartali won his race by a suitable margin. The fan who prayed for him was Eugenio Pacelli, Pius XII, Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the State of the City of the Vatican.

The 262nd Pope of the Church of Rome has emerged from the role of a behind-the-scenes mediator in world politics to that of a fighting warrior since his election to office 10 years ago. But the man who lives in the Vatican Palace has remained unchanged in the warmth and eagerness with which he receives the thousands of persons of all faiths who come for an audience.

From his earliest days in office he became noted

for mingling with the hundreds who attended his public audiences in the same friendly spirit as a parish priest might greet his flock outside the church after Sunday mass. During the war two cynical Nazi soldiers, who declared loudly that they had been drawn to the Vatican purely out of curiosity, were taken aback when the Pope addressed them in Bavarian dialect, enquired about their villages and their families and showed great interest in snapshots of their children. When he bestowed the traditional blessing as the audience ended, the German youths wept.

After the Germans had been driven out of Rome the Vatican was treated to the staggering sight of as many as 8,000 Allied soldiers at a time attending a Papal audience.

In recent months he has received Princess Margaret and the Shah-in-Shah of Persia.

His public audiences have something in common with a North American political rally where the candidate shakes hands all round and has a few words for everyone. They also take on something of the color of a U.N. gathering as Dutch peasant rubs shoulders with Argentine general and a little Japanese nun kneels next to a German aristocrat.

Any foreigner coming to Rome, be he Roman Catholic, atheist, or follower of Father Divine, may be admitted to the presence of the Holy Father. Roman Catholics genuflect and kiss the papal ring; others merely bow and the Pope usually shakes hands.

Pius XII has a talent for convincing his visitors that his daily routine is almost something new and spontaneous. Addressing a few words to each, usually in the stranger's own tongue (he speaks eight languages fluently), he tries always to strike a personal note. He asked Tyrone Power for news of the Hollywood Bowl, spoke of the Rue St.

Catherine and Gaspé salmon to a lady from Montreal, and chatted with Yehudi Menuhin about the musician's Stradivarius. (As a boy, Pacelli himself played the violin and he loves fine music.)

Those close to him say that the Pope's interest in people is sincere. Only the restraints of his high office, they report, prevent him from showing even more of the warmth of his personality. He is said to take a sympathetic interest in even the minor personal problems of those nearest him.

The Law was not for Eugenio

YET PIUS XII appreciates fully that audiences help to boost the strength of his church, and he knows that a natural gesture impresses the world more than five encyclicals and two consistories. People are less likely to understand Latin than bicycle racing—and its present ruler is well aware that the church has greater need of understanding and support today than perhaps ever before.

Perhaps 90 million Catholics have been swallowed up by Communism. Behind the iron curtain, Roman Catholic clerics are being muzzled and thrown into jail. In all lands Communist materialism is challenging Christian teachings. Today Pope Pius XII is calling on a lifetime of training to help his church meet its great challenge.

Eugenio Pacelli was born March 2, 1876. His father, member of a wealthy family and dean of the consistory attorneys at the Vatican, hoped he would be a lawyer but instead he was ordained a priest at 23. Almost from the start his church career was in the diplomatic service; a brilliant student, his rise was rapid.

Soon after Pacelli received his cardinal's hat in 1929 Pius XI named him his secretary of state. As such he visited

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Karshes at St. Peter's. A desire fulfilled.

HOW I PHOTOGRAPHED THE POPE

By YOUSUF KARSH

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII came with a singular flowing walk into the Throne Room from his private quarters.

I knelt before the Holy Father. But even while on my knees, deeply moved at His Holiness' presence, I immediately noticed one thing. He was wearing crimson robes, ermine-trimmed. I had planned the picture (see opposite page) in my mind, selected the room and arranged the lights with the understanding that he would be photographed in white.

His Holiness blessed me. I kissed his ring. Then I got up to explain what I planned to do.

"We have put aside for you 10 minutes," the Pope said.

This came to me as a great shock. Count Galeazzi, the chief of protocol at the Vatican, had helped me with the appointment and we had talked the whole matter over, together, the previous day. Now it appeared I was to have much less time than we had planned for. Just 10 minutes to make the picture I had waited for years to make! His aide explained His Holiness had another appointment immediately afterward. This was after all, the gala feast day of Corpus Christi. And besides the special

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By JOHN LARGO

CHRISTMAS, as it does most years, was coming—and there I was with my pants at half-mast and nothing bought. I was tired of the usual routine anyway. You know, a carton of bubble gum for Grandma, and for Grandpop all the ice-cream sodas he can drink at one sitting. Another Persian lamb for Aunt Fanny—and what she doesn't eat she can always pickle.

Flowers for mother. Did you know you could keep flowers for a whole year just by embalming them? I used to sneak the flowers out of the house on Boxing Day and rush them off to the undertaker. They were his flowers anyway. Some empty gin bottles for Aunt Maude; she's under the impression that if she corrals all the gin bottles, people will have to stop drinking gin. A true Largo, she.

For father I usually get a box of blank cartridges for the souvenir pistol I brought back from overseas for him. He likes to stand at the window and blaze away at people he imagines are following him. The powder flashes burn holes in the curtains but it keeps him happy and, goodness knows, that's something these days.

Well, you know what I mean—just the ordinary run of gifts for the usual grasping mob of loved ones. I was in a rut. My gifts, no matter how carefully selected, always seemed to be just what the folks expected. "Dear John," my Uncle Turk used to say, opening his parcel, "he knows how I love old champagne corks. This one, if I'm not mistaken, is a Heideck '37—a rare vintage indeed."

This Christmas I wanted to be different.

But how? I'm not one of the brighter Largos. (The brighter Largos are descended from Sarah Brighter, who married old Soso Largo; they had no children.)

Finally, after racking my brains on a handy hatrack, I put on a pair of sneakers and went sneaking up and down some of the cheaper streets. I was trying to pick up inspiration and anything else that wasn't padlocked.

Ten Cents—Six for a Dollar

I WAS IDLY thumbing through a five-year-old copy of the London Times outside a secondhand bookstore—just to see how the war was going—when the proprietor tossed a well-thumbed volume on a pile marked "Ten cents—six for a dollar." My eyes fell on the title and my heart leaped—a form of anatomical gymnastics for which I was hardly prepared.

"Gifts You Can Make Yourself," it said. "Illustrated." The author's name was suspiciously absent from the title page (or maybe it was just one of those books which make themselves) but it had been published (no date given) by Odhams Press, at Long Acre, London WC2.

The first illustration showed a housewife (female) beaming at a curly-haired girl child who was clutching what the caption described as a "cuddlesome doll and teddy." In the left foreground, for no good reason, stood a "candy-striped wastepaper basket."

That was enough for me.

Restoring my heart to normal with a sharp rap on the ventricle I took the volume in my hot little hands and strolled negligently into the store. After a bout of hard bargaining, which drove the price up to 15 cents, I made off with my treasure.

It was just what I needed. It would enable me to give my eagerly sought presents that personal touch which, I thought, had been lacking.

I had another reason but we'll save that for later. I don't want to look cheap.

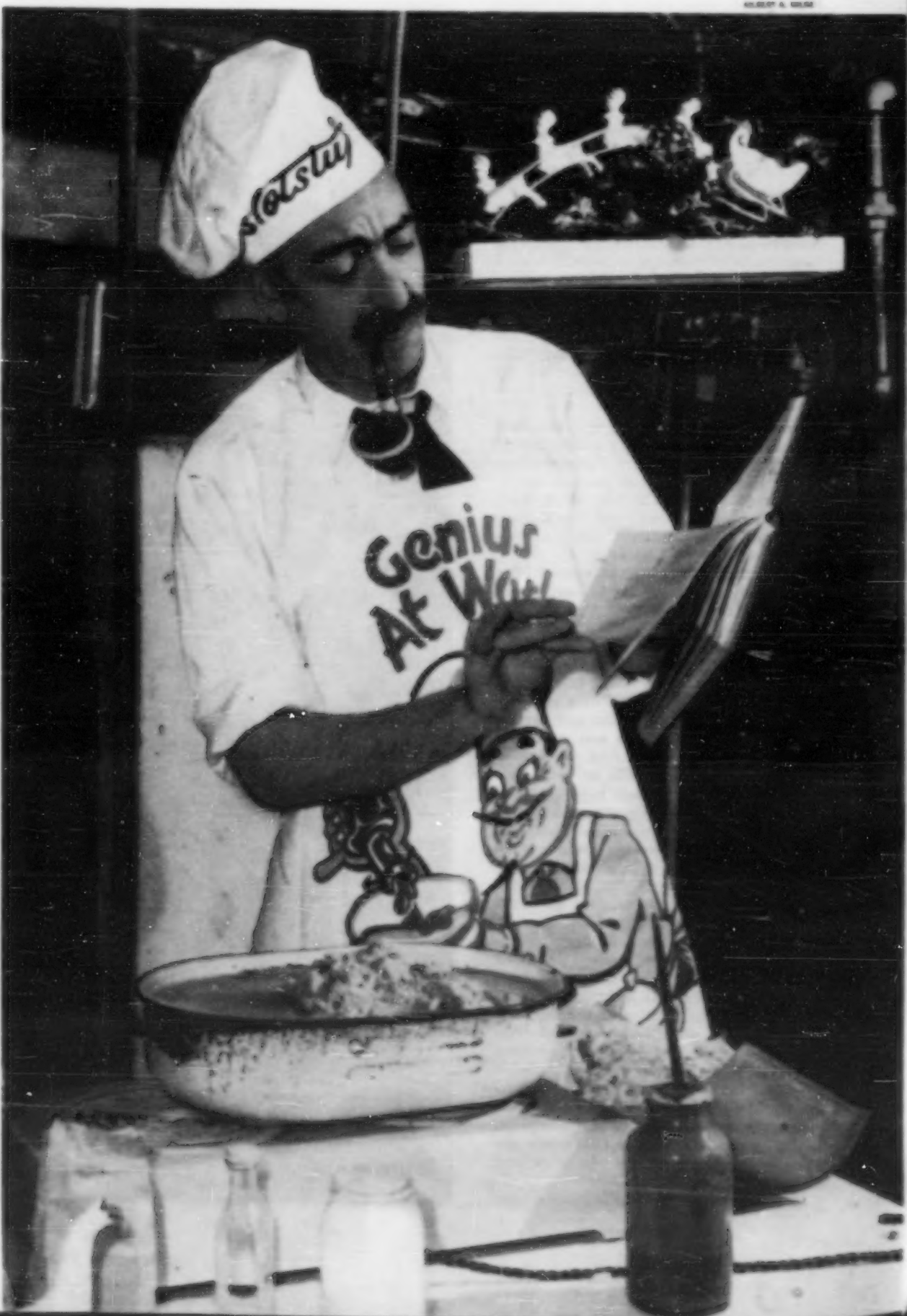
Back home in the charming basement apartment which I share with a hot-air furnace, a hot-water tank and a washing machine I flipped thoughtfully through the book.

Continued on page 26

Stuffed turkey for the Largos? Take another look. That's an indoor garden on the way.

I Made a Sucker Out of Santa

Got a turnip? Some axle grease? A gift problem? Let Largo show how you too can whip that Christmas crisis. But you follow his system at your own risk!



*This year—Give
the Lasting Gift
—Give a
Waterman's*



**Waterman's
Garland**

A lady's pen and pencil
set with feminine grace
and beauty. Pen \$14.25.
Set \$21.10



**Waterman's
Crusader Trio**

Here's all they'll need
for all the writing they'll
ever do! Pen, Pencil and
Ball Pointers. \$10.35



**Waterman's
Stateligh**

The smoothest writing
instrument a man can
carry. Beauty and dignity
uncompromised. Pen \$14.25.
Set \$21.10



**Waterman's
Crusader**

Styles for "him" or
"her". Conventional or
banded nibs. Set \$8.45
Pen only
\$5.25

**Waterman's
Corinth**

In man's and lady's
model with Tapering fea-
tures. Set \$13.70.
Pen only
\$9.25



You will always be remembered
when you give a gift that lasts.

So this year give a Waterman's.
Waterman's pens are highly personalized.

In anyone's hand, they write
smoothly and easily hour after hour.

And they add a distinctive note to
anyone's writing. It's true that no other
pen writes like a Waterman's. That's why
Waterman's make such pleasing gifts
—and they last and last and last.



**SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR
THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY**

There isn't a man anywhere who
doesn't secretly yearn for a desk set.
Make this a "Waterman's Desk Set
Year" for Dad. He'll keep it always.
They're priced from \$15.00 up.

This year—give the Lasting Gift—give a
Waterman's

BUT THAT was how it was before we moved to Alberta, before we came from B. C. to Barclay and my father's new church. I guess if we'd stopped to think, we would have known how living on prairie could do things to a person's Christmas.

Even before Coley McNichol told us there'd be no Christmas tree, we should have known. Just a week before Christmas, we were sitting out in my brother Harry's igloo in the back yard. It was cold in there, but we had the lantern with us, and if you looked hard at the lantern you could pretend that it was warm. Looking hard at the lantern made you think of red glass bubbles on the Christmas tree, with the light shining on them.

"I guess we'll have to go out tomorrow and get the Christmas tree," said my brother Harry.

"What's a Christmas tree?" asked Coley.

We were a little shocked. "Why," said my brother Harry, "it's a—it's a tree. It has green

needles on it instead of leaves, and a clean smell, like walking in the woods. And you put a star on the top of it, and tinsel. And after you go to bed on Christmas Eve, that's where all your Christmas presents get left."

"Well," said Coley McNichol, smugly and with finality, "you won't get any Christmas tree in Barclay. There aren't any Christmas trees in Barclay. Didn't you notice? There's willows, down by the creek; but I guess that wouldn't do for your old Christmas tree. And there's poplars, out by Andersons' dam. You'd look funny with a naked old poplar tree in your parlor."

"We'll go out into the country," said my brother Harry.

"There aren't any Christmas trees in the country either," said Coley McNichol. "I've been there and I know." He was kind, but superior. "The trouble with you kids—you just moved here and you don't know what it's like around Barclay.

Maybe they have Christmas trees other places, but they don't have them here. Just willows and poplars."

We might have believed him then. We might have worried, but just then my sister Cora decided to see if her tongue would freeze to the lantern handle if she stuck it against it. It did, and we wanted to take her inside to thaw her off it, only she wouldn't and we had to pull them apart, and her tongue swelled up and all she could have for supper was soup.

IT WAS while we were eating supper soup that my brother Harry asked, were we going out tomorrow to get the Christmas tree.

My mother said, "Oh dear!" and looked down the table at my father. He was carving the meat, but he laid the knife down and turned his eyes all around the table, very seriously.

"I'm afraid we

Continued on page 30



SMALL MIRACLE FOR CORA

Christmas has a smell to it, the perfume of pine making the whole world bright and shiny. That was why you couldn't make a Christmas tree out of a poplar or Miss Thomas's old rubber plant

By JEAN HOWARTH

THERE were four of us, my brother Harry, who was nine, and myself, Ellen, who was eight, and my sister Cora, who was six, and my brother Philip, who was five; we all knew that it was quite impossible to have Christmas without a Christmas tree.

There were other important things. It was important to lie on the buffalo rug in front of the fire and look at the toy pages in the catalogue and pick out the one thing that you wanted most of all that didn't come to more than a dollar. It couldn't come to more than a dollar, because Santa Claus had a lot more kids to look after than just us four.

And it was important to be in the school Christmas concert and not forget your lines. My brother Harry was one of the seven dwarfs in the school concert that year, and he wore a red suit that my mother made out of flour sacks and dyed red.

And it was important to write your letter to Santa Claus, being very careful not to let anybody see it because of course if you did, you didn't get what you asked for; and then to stoke the fire till it went roaring up the chimney, and toss in your letter and watch it shoot right up the chimney to Santa Claus.

All of those things were important. But none of them was as important as the Christmas tree.

CHRISTMAS didn't even start to be until the day when my father looked at my mother and said, "Well, Lily, I guess it's time we went after that Christmas tree." And then he would put on his mackintosh and his mitts and go out to harness our horse Dan. And my mother would put the oats on the stove to heat—hot oats in a grain sack are nice to sit on when you ride out in the cold to find a Christmas tree. And I would help my sister Cora and my brother Philip put on their coats and their toques and their long woolen stockings that you pinned with safety pins to their pants. And we would all ride out in the sleigh behind Dan to find the Christmas tree. We would carry it into the house and set it up in the parlor by the fireplace.

The snow that was in its branches would sparkle and then melt, and then sparkle in little drops on the needles and then go away. And pretty soon a perfume would come out of the tree and drift all over the parlor and out into the hall and the dining room and the kitchen. It would even drift upstairs and fill our bedrooms, so that when mother had blown out the light we could lie in the darkness and smell it.

It was Christmas coming into the house.



ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

and fused them together with extraordinary power.

"The Stratton Story," No. 2, is the most satisfying Hollywood effort I have seen in 1949. It is a baseball story, but you don't have to know a three-bagger from a bat boy to enjoy it and understand it from start to finish. It is a warm, human, funny and stirring movie.

Portraying the real-life Monty Stratton, actor James Stewart turns his back on the stylized gawkiabness which used to be his trademark and the result is a good, honest study of a baseball pitcher who lost his leg but not his courage. Expert support is provided by Agnes Moorehead as his mother, June Allyson as his wife, and the late Frank Morgan as an amiable old has-been who pilots Monty into the big leagues.

"Louisiana Story" represents the latest achievement of Robert Flaherty, the old master of the documentary. He again reveals his gifts of poetry and perception, along with his canny skill in the use of camera and sound track, in this absorbing fable about a swamp boy, his pet raccoon, an alligator, and a huge oil derrick.

"Quartet," another British job, is based on four unconnected short stories by W. Somerset Maugham, using four casts and four directors. The result is a bit glib in spots but most of it is delightful entertainment and the best of it is nothing short of wonderful.

Also from Britain is "The Winslow Boy," based on a true story about a father who fights a vast bureaucracy to clear his small son's name. Robert Donat, as a barrister, tops a superb cast. The story is one of the most heart-warming ever brought to the screen.

"A Letter to Three Wives," released early in the year, still towers over all other Hollywood comedies. Three small-town marriages are examined with unusual cinematic candor in this shrewd and rowdy yarn. Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell are especially hilarious as a roughneck merchant and the smooth cookie who hooks him.

"Passport to Pimlico" and "The History of Mr. Polly" are superior British comedies.

"Red River," made in 1948 but not seen by most Canadians until this year, is a big, brawny western ennobled by director Howard Hawks' fine feeling for space, sunlight, cattle, horses and men.

"Champion," No. 10 on my list, is an exciting story of the prize ring. The bluntness of Ring Lardner's original has been deliberately softened, but it's still a lively job all around. Kirk Douglas gives a startling performance as a heel who becomes champion of the world.

One for the Cultural Snobs

WELL, that's the top drawer. Sad to relate, 1949 was also a better-than-average year for stinkers. Picking the 10 worst movies of 1949 (see box on this page) is something like wading around in a roomful of rotten eggs and trying, with pursed lips and distended nostrils, to select the most malodorous.

All of the 10 turkeys I finally fixed on are from Hollywood except "Furia" (Italian), "The Mozart Story" (Austrian) and "My Brother Jonathan" (British).

In the "Jonathan" opus, noble young doctor fights stupidity and malevolence in factory town, gallantly marries dead brother's pregnant sweetheart, and saves villain's life with wizard surgery after villain reforms. The dialogue is often preposterously stilted.

At one point a small English boy bloodies himself in a school mixup and his little sweetheart sees him. "You're hurt!" she gasps. "Only a few cuts and abrasions," the manly lad replies in his piping voice. "I shall sterilize them when I get home."

The inclusion of an Italian picture on my "worst" list may shock and anger cultural snobs who automatically consider anything from Europe better than anything produced on this side of the Atlantic. Nonetheless, I maintain "Furia" is a

legitimate candidate. As the smoldering temptress who is its heroine Isa Pola looks somewhat the way Greer Garson might have looked if her expectant mother had been terribly frightened by Boris Karloff.

Most torrid movie lovemaking of the year: Viviane Romance as "Carmen," and Jean Marais as "Don Jose" in "Carmen," a French nonmusical based on the Prosper Mérimée novelette which Bizet used in his famous opera. The same heavy-breathing narrative was employed by Hollywood this year in a lush Technicolor job entitled "Loves of Carmen." Compared to their Gallic rivals, Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford in the U. S. version seem like a couple of nice kids doing a bit of smooching on a hayride.

To the Canadian-born actress Alexis Smith belongs the distinction of uttering the year's throatiest rendition of that imperishable line, "Dahling, you and I live in different worlds!" "Whiplash" was the film containing it.

For Canadians, the healthiest new development in the movie industry was a deal under which many outstanding British films now are being distributed by Famous Players Canadian Corp. Ltd. in its hundreds of theatres across Canada. Formerly, most British pictures had reached Canadians in the theatres of the Odeon chain, which is connected with the J. Arthur Rank Organization. Odeon continues to exhibit Rank's films, which include some of the best in the world, but Famous Players will handle pictures produced by Korda, Wilcox, Reed and other cinema titans. The spirited rivalry thus engendered seems certain to benefit the consumers.

The year brought several interesting reissues of old films. The Hollywood revivals I enjoyed most were "Stormy Weather," a vigorous all-Negro musical featuring Lena Horne, "Fats" Waller and Bill Robinson; "A Night at the Opera," one of the funniest of the Marx Brothers' roughhouses; "They Drive by" *Continued on page 46*

Critic Gilmour Picks

The BEST . . . and . . . The WORST



1. "The Fallen Idol."
2. "The Stratton Story."
3. "Louisiana Story."
4. "Quartet."
5. "The Winslow Boy."
6. "A Letter to Three Wives."
7. "Passport to Pimlico."
8. "The History of Mr. Polly."
9. "Red River."
10. "Champion."



1. "The Fountainhead."
2. "Angel on the Amazon."
3. "Furia."
4. "The Mozart Story."
5. "My Brother Jonathan."
6. "The Sun Comes Up."
7. "Song of India."
8. "Flaxy Martin."
9. "Bride of Vengeance."
10. "Siren of Atlantis."



The year's worst. Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal make loud splash in "The Fountainhead."



The year's best. Bobby Henrey as a bewildered boy in "The Fallen Idol."

THE MOVIES OF 1949

Going to shows every day can be risky. In Vancouver critic Gilmour got a hotfoot. He cooled off enough to toss the year's bouquets and brickbats

By CLYDE GILMOUR

THE MOST fantastic exchange of dialogue I have heard in any movie during 1949 occurred in "Spectre of the Rose," an American film dealing with madness and murder at the ballet.

The homicidal ballet star (Ivan Kirov) and his fawn-eyed sweetheart (Viola Eason) are shown sitting in a crowded store, paying no attention to the jostling public, gazing at each other with hypnotic intensity.

"I feel," the lady remarks, "as if I were flying upside down in a wind."

"Hug me with your eyes," says her lover brusquely. (Big closeup of the lady's eyes.)

"I am," she whispers. (Big closeup of his eyes. Long, impassioned pause.)

"Harder!" says Kirov, his nose glistening . . .

Another memorable colloquy takes place in a depressing exhibit entitled "My Own True Love." Melvyn Douglas, breaking a moody silence, says to Phyllis Calvert: "Thank you!"

Widening her eyes, she says, "Why, whatever for?"

"Oh," Mr. D. replies thoughtfully, "just for being you."

The foregoing, culled from the several hundred good, fair, poor and terrible motion pictures I have attended since last Christmas, are only two of the gems encrusting my many notebooks. Like any other film fan I enjoy collecting such treasures and trying them out on my friends. But I stoutly deny that there is anything vindictive or hypercritical in the pursuit of this mild hobby.

As movie critic for the Vancouver Sun and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation I take pleasure in saluting 1949 as a better-than-average year in the Canadian cinema temples.

Some of the films I am about to mention were made in 1948 or even earlier. They did not, however, arrive in Vancouver, where I live, until 1949, so as far as I am concerned they are 1949's movies.

In my personal list of the best 10 of the year (see box on next page) five, including No. 1, are British films. Four are from Hollywood, and one

("Louisiana Story") is a semidocumentary or fiction-and-fact picture produced on the spot by a former Canadian prospector who has become one of the great names in filmdom.

"The Fallen Idol," No. 1, is a fascinating study of a child's dilemma in a terrifying and unfathomable adult world.

The screenplay was written by the distinguished novelist, Graham Greene, and is based on his short story, "The Basement Room." The producer-director was Carol Reed ("Odd Man Out").

In the story an eight-year-old boy (Bobby Henrey) stumbles into the sidelines of a tragic grown-up love affair. One of the elders involved is his father's gentle butler (Ralph Richardson). Another is the butler's wife (Sonia Droll), a lady with the glacial grace and venom of a hooded cobra. A pretty typist (Michele Morgan) completes the triangle.

"The Fallen Idol" is not a highbrow or "art" movie, although everything about it is artistic. Author Greene's humanity and insight are woven deep into its fabric, and director Reed has taken hold of all its separate and admirable ingredients

CENSORSHIP

Board, which has authority to overrule him, although no such appeal has ever been taken.

None of these men pretends to be an authority on literature—their qualifications are those of customs administrators, not critics—but it would be unfair to blame them as individuals for the faults of Canadian censorship. Nobody is qualified to be a censor. These officials, by and large, do as liberal a job as they can.

One Canadian librarian, to whom I wrote for information and opinion about our censorship, wrote back: "I believe the less said about it the better. So far as I am aware we in Canada are fortunate in that censorship is at a minimum. I am loath to start agitation or to criticize the Government for its policy, if it has one."

Of the 63 books added to the banned list in the first 10 months of 1949 only "The Naked and the Dead" would be defended as a serious work. The rest are trash, like the majority of the complete list—titles like "The Autobiography of a Pimp."

But the list does include, as well, some works of world fame and accepted greatness. Usually they were prohibited years ago by officials of narrower mind or in times of more puritanical standards. One of the worst features of the Canadian censorship is that once a book is placed on the prohibited list it tends to stay there forever.

They Smuggle a Textbook

ULYSSES" is the best example. This long, obscure, difficult book is now recognized as a milestone in the development of the English novel. Joyce was the pioneer, the inventor of a technique which has influenced most major writers in English for the past 27 years—Hemingway, Huxley, Virginia Woolf, any number of lesser figures.

When it was first published "Ulysses" was banned almost everywhere, because it does include a number of dirty words. As its magnitude and scope were realized one censor after another took the ban off. Sixteen years ago "Ulysses" was cleared of obscenity charges in the United States by a great judgment of Judge John M. Woolsey.

Among Canadians the same change of mind took place. For years "Ulysses" has been the subject of a senior course in English literature at one Canadian university. (The professor advised his students each year that they must break the law, as he had done, by going across the line and smuggling home their textbook.) Literate Canadians, like literate people everywhere, accepted Joyce's novel as a monumental work.

But it remained on the censor's list. The last formal request for re-examination was made in 1940

by the Macmillan Company of Canada. It was refused by an examiner of publications, now dead, who took a narrower view of his duties than any successor has done.

Actually, what finally got "Ulysses" off the banned list was the preparation of this article—not argument or persuasion, but merely the recalling of the book's existence to David Sim, the Deputy Minister of Customs and Excise. Sim took "Ulysses" with him on his vacation and reread it for the first time in many years. He found it heavy going, as everyone does, but he could see no reason for banning it.

So it came off the list. But James Joyce died knowing that to Canada his masterpiece was a bit of obscenity to be classed with "The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." Re-examination may also release Sir Richard Burton's classic, the Maupassant short stories and other books which make our prohibited list look silly. But, meanwhile, a lot of damage has already been done.

This is also true of slighter works. In 1932 Norman Lindsay wrote a book entitled "The Cautious Amorist" about three men and a woman marooned on a desert island. Lindsay's development of this situation is perfectly logical but somewhat imperfectly moral.

Canada's examiner of publications banned the book. Nothing was heard of it here for 15 years. Then it was republished in a pocket edition; the new publishers asked Ottawa to re-examine it, and Ottawa decided it was just a funny story. It came off the banned list; you can buy it on any newsstand for 25 cents. But Lindsay lost all Canadian royalties on the higher-priced early editions.

Is There Freedom for Artists

SO MUCH for the errors of the past. Today's censors have also sins of their own to answer for. One was the banning in 1946 of James T. Farrell's novel "Bernard Clare."

I read "Bernard Clare" while preparing this article. (Like any well-known book, banned or not, it's available in the Parliamentary Library whose purchases are not subject to customs examination and whose librarians don't even know which books are on the prohibited list.) Personally I found it very dull and boring, but it's work of obvious integrity by a reputable novelist.

In a subsequent article in the Canadian Forum Farrell told of protesting to Prime Minister King against the ban. He got a formal acknowledgment from King's secretary. From the censors he got no word at all.

"If those Canadians who have smuggled my novel

across from Buffalo are disappointed at not finding 'obscenity,' and feel defrauded, they must blame Mr. Sim, not me," said Farrell.

"The silence of Canadian officials, their refusal to answer questions, their refusal even to specify what chapters Mr. Sim considers 'indecent'—all this constitutes a forecast. It reveals the attitude of Canadian officials on books and on the artist's freedom of expression."

This is a fair indictment. It is still valid today. Our Customs Department censors owe no accounting to anybody for their secret decisions.

Particularly obscure are their rulings on foreign-language books, for which the National Revenue Department has no translation staff. These are sent to the RCMP for review by translators of the "special division," the anti-Communism department. RCMP advice is also sought upon some of the books, even in English or French, suspected of being seditious. Of the 126 publications excluded from Canada in 1948, 29 were in that category.

No Ban on Lurid Trash

RCMCP readers do not themselves ban any book. They do not even make formal recommendation to National Revenue which makes its own decisions—but in these cases without full firsthand knowledge. They get full translations from the RCMP of selected passages, not the entire book.

But the crowning irony of our censorship system is that many of the "banned" books can be bought at perfectly respectable newsstands for a quarter. One afternoon in Toronto, from reputable book-sellers, I bought seven books still listed as prohibited publications.

Neither I nor the booksellers committed any crime. The books are prohibited from importation only; the volumes I bought were printed in Canada quite legally. They are published by a couple of small Toronto printing houses in job lots of 25,000 copies; the more popular ones are reprinted when the first 25,000 are sold. Most of them are set up from an original smuggled copy, but it's equally simple to import the plates as "scrap metal" and print them here without even setting new type.

On the same afternoon I bought 17 other books of the same kind—lurid covers, suggestive titles, leering blurb. They were not prohibited even from import (Ottawa has no record at all of most of them), though I'd defy anyone to guess which of my 24 specimens are banned and which are not. I'd also defy anyone to draft a law which would forbid one group and not the other.

There is a law which can be invoked against all such publications if they *Continued on page 44*

OUR HUSH-HUSH HOW BOOKS ARE BANNED

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

FROM THE SECRET LIST

THE banned book list, officially a secret document, includes 505 titles. Many of these are trash aimed at the immature or prurient mind. But others are works of definite literary value. Here are 15 titles from the list:

- "Sanctuary"
WILLIAM FAULKNER
- "Tobacco Road"
ERSKINE CALDWELL
- "Wise Parenthood"
MARIE STOPES
- "Bernard Clare"
JAMES T. FARRELL
- "Chapters from My Diary"
LEON TROTSKY
- "Droll Stories"
HONORE BALZAC
- "Eugenics and Sex Harmony"
HERMAN H. RUBIN
- "Heavenly Discourse"
C. L. S. WOOD
- "Hippolyte's Claim"
GUY DE MAUPASSANT
- "A Jew in Love"
BEN HECHT
- "Journal of Albion Moonlight"
KENNETH PACHEN
- "Lady Chatterley's Lover"
D. H. LAWRENCE
- "Memoirs of Hecate County"
EDMUND WILSON
- "The Naked and the Dead"
NORMAN MAILER
- "Well of Loneliness"
RADCLIFFE HALL

THIS AUTUMN, after 26 years under the Canadian censor's ban, James Joyce's masterpiece "Ulysses" was taken off the prohibited list. The book which has been hailed as the most influential novel of the 20th century may now, for the first time, be imported legally into Canada.

Any customs officer will gladly tell you the status of "Ulysses," or any other book, if you ask him. However, there has been no announcement of its removal from the list, nor is there likely to be. Such changes are not announced as a rule, for the excellent reason that the list itself is officially secret. You can get hold of a copy without too much trouble, but not from any official source. The policy of the Canadian Government is that Canadians are not allowed to know which books they are not allowed to read.

Few Canadians know, therefore, that 505 books are banned from Canada on the authority, of all people, of the Minister of National Revenue. Few know that these books are chosen for exclusion by a little group of individuals who operate as a literary Court of Star Chamber. Few know that the list includes such classics as Sir Richard Burton's "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night" ("The Arabian Nights") and Balzac's "Droll Tales."

Not for the Doctor's Daughter

EVEN fewer Canadians understand how, while books of this stature are banned from importation, pornographic trash of the lowest type is published in Toronto and openly sold on the newsstands. So long as the stuff is homemade the censor doesn't care.

Fewest of all are able to grasp just why one book is excluded, another admitted. No rules, written or unwritten, determine the censor's choice.

Take Norman Mailer's war novel, "The Naked and the Dead." It's been a best seller in the United States ever since it was published last year. For 10 months it was also a best seller in Canada;

thousands of copies were imported and sold. Then suddenly, last May, it was banned by the personal order of Dr. the Hon. J. J. McCann, Minister of National Revenue.

"I didn't read the thing through," said Dr. McCann, "but I read the parts my staff had marked. I thought they were disgusting. I wouldn't want my daughter to read such a book."

As a matter of fact Dr. McCann has no daughter. The final criterion of what Canadians may or may not read is the moral sensitivity of a young lady who doesn't exist.

Any customs inspector may hold up any book of which he is doubtful, and some of them have hair-trigger doubts. A few years ago "All Passion Spent," Victoria Sackville-West's fine story about the last year in the life of a woman of 94, was held up at the border. That word "passion" made the customs man prick up his ears.

Every book so detained is supposed to be sent to Ottawa for a ruling, but not all customs officers bother with this formality. A few years ago the then examiner of publications asked one customs inspector, "Why don't I ever get books from you for examination?"

"Oh, I decide those things for myself," was the reply.

That was a breach of departmental instructions for which the inspector was duly ticked off. It was not a breach of the law. A customs officer can hold up any book he likes for as long as he likes. Owners may appeal to Ottawa, but few do.

In Ottawa the books go to the publications division of the Customs and Excise Department, a small staff headed by a principal clerk who started 22 years ago as a stenographer. Formerly their immediate boss was the examiner of publications, but since Arthur Merriam retired from that post last year no successor has been named. His duties are absorbed by W. B. Stuart, executive assistant to the deputy minister.

Any of these people may release a detained book, but they may not prohibit one. No book is put on the prohibited list until it has been examined by the deputy minister, David Sim, and by the minister himself. Every ban is imposed by the personal order of the man responsible to Parliament for the act. Even his ruling may be appealed to the Tariff

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Keep Christmas in snapshots

More than ever, *this* Christmas will be a time for snapshots: now you can take them either indoors or out . . . in black-and-white or in beautiful full color.

For indoor pictures, use a flash camera, or most *any* camera plus an inexpensive Kodak Photo Flasher. Now is a good time to get ready—with flash bulbs and an ample supply of Kodak Film . . . Remember, the snapshots you'll want tomorrow, you must take today.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO 9, ONTARIO

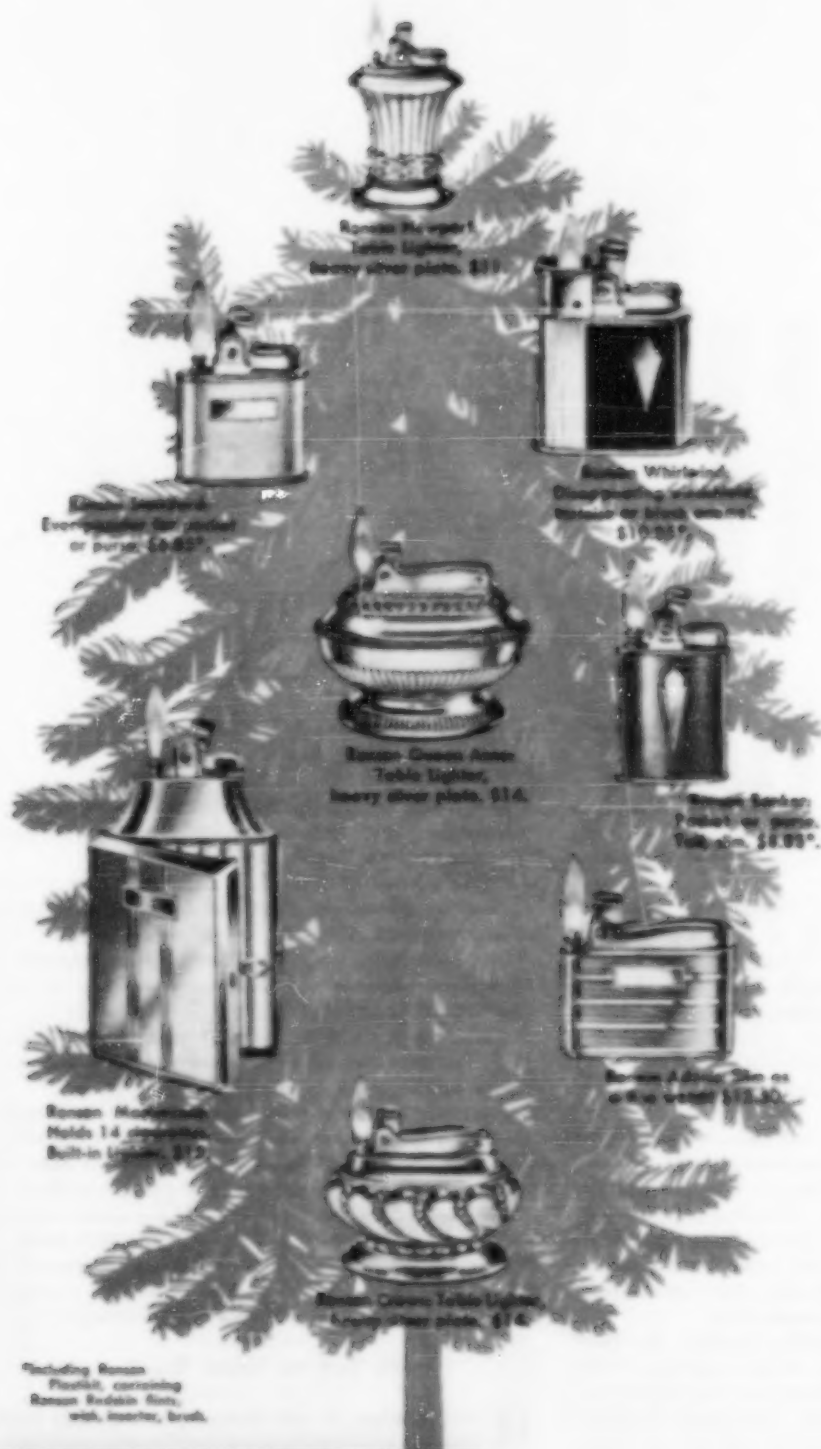
A Kodak Camera is the "wanted" gift, and so is Kodak Film

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Kodak Verichrome Film



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(Daylight or Type A)





Whether you want to say "I love you truly" or "I'm glad we're friends"—you can say it eloquently with a Ronson.

Like all Ronson Lighters, the ones you give this Christmas are precision-built by Canadian craftsmen to fine jewellery standards.

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RONSON ART METAL WORKS (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

press—it's lit!



release—it's out!

I Made a Sucker Out of Santa

Continued from page 19

Some of the pages were upside down but, as it happens, I have a flexible neck.

There were so many splendid things in the book that, really, I didn't know whether to try a "Fluffy Duckling" ("For the body, cut two cardboard circles, with holes in them. Stuff the holes with wool . . .") or what the author referred to as "Jacko, the Revolving Acrobat." Or, again, how about "A Jolly Little Circus Elephant"? ("Cut three elephants from ply and glue together with the legless elephant in the middle. Leave them in a cramp (sic) for a day . . .")

It was on page 94, which happened to be right-side up, that I began to strike pay dirt. Under Gifts for Women I found "Making a String Dog Collar." Well, I know comparatively few women who own string dogs (it's a vanishing breed I'm afraid) but old Maude does have a Mexican Hairless. I figured it was pretty much the same thing.

Something for Uncle Turk

Before tackling String Dog Collar, however, it was recommended as a good idea to do Knotted Dog Lead; the two went together. Dazed by this glimpse into a world where string dogs cavorted with knotted dogs I copied the list of ingredients:

One dog lead swivel.

Odd pieces of rug wool for core, 94 inches.

Thin *glacé* cord or macramé twine No. 5, 28 yards.

A canine haberdasher, or dogger, supplied the swivel and, luckily, I had a rug which I ripped up for the wool. But when I slipped furtively into the local Hobby Shoppe and demanded 28

yards of macramé twine No. 5, all I got was a queer look and a suggestion to try Blank's* Department Store.

There I accosted a handsome female guarding a counter loaded with an array of fancy cords that would have made a hangman's fingers itch.

"Got any macramé twine No. 5?" I whispered.

"No," doubtfully. "Have you tried the book department?"

"Should I? What does the stuff look like?"

"I don't know. I never heard of it."

I staggered around to Books. Books told me to try Notions. Notions sent me to Rugs. Rugs banished me to the basement. The basement sold me 100 yards of clothesline and I only escaped, finally, by climbing out a window in the men's washroom.

A day later I took delivery of a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, two small throw rugs which I promptly threw in my living-room furnace and a nice assortment of Notions, which I hid in the filing cabinet under "N."

So it was with an ill-concealed snarl of rage that I ripped String Dog Collar and Knitted Dog Lead out of the book and turned to the index for further study. I could always stick gin labels on some empty pop bottles and Aunt Maude wouldn't be able to tell the difference. Avoiding Gifts for Women as if it were infected I concentrated on something for my Uncle Turk Largo. He'll go for almost anything.

I turned to Gifts for Men. It was an impressive list. As an ardent devotee of the aliced drive and the muffed putt I looked up something called Golf Club Covers. These turned out to be things like knitted wool socks with tassels at the toes, which you were supposed to stuff over the heads of the clubs. The illustration showed a golf bag apparently packed full of midgets, head down, with only their feet showing.

*An alias. Blank went out of business years ago.

Continued on page 29

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Have you got such a thing as a man trap?"

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Martha Logan's

FESTIVE FIXIN'S

Spiced Cranberry Bells: Boil 4 c. cranberries in 2 c. water for 20 min. Add 2 c. sugar, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon; cook 2 min. Add 2 tbsps. gelatin softened in 1/2 c. cold water. Rinse small molds in cold water; fill with sauce; chill. At serving time, top with bows of softened cream cheese put through pastry tube. For festoon, tie parsley sprigs with thread to make 36" rope; trim with shears. *Bake Swift's Premium Ham* according to directions on tag with every ham. Candle is cream cheese with flame cut from pimiento, holly leaves from green pepper.

Company is coming... and your mind's at ease

When you're serving Swift's Premium Ham you needn't wait till mealtime to be sure of a meat-treat. That fork-tender texture is always the same. That matchless flavor never varies.

For thanks to a unique system of quality control, Swift's Premium is *always* perfect. From the

careful choosing of each ham, through the Brown-Sugar-Cure and oven-smoking over hardwood fires, a long series of controls assures uniformity.

Swift's Premium is dependably, deliciously the same any time, anywhere you buy it. That's why it continues to be Canada's *best-liked* ham.



A gift you'd love to get! Swift's Premium Ham in gay wrappings.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM Ham is perfect every time



CRANBERRY HAM SLICES: Mix 2 c. raw cranberries with 1 c. honey; spread on 1" center slice of Swift's Premium Ham. Top with another slice edged with cloves. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 75 min., basting occasionally. Garnish top with some of the cooked cranberries.

Canada's favorite ham
comes in 2 styles:

Blue Label, for easy
home cooking;

Red Label, fully cooked.

NOTE: Not so-called "ready-to-eat" . . . but really, deliciously fully cooked as you'd do it at home!



HAM AND POTATO SCALLOP: Slice 6 c. cooked potatoes. (If possible, use potatoes of baking type.) Arrange in alternate layers with pieces of cooked Swift's Premium Ham in 2 qt. casserole. Add 2 c. thin, seasoned white sauce. Bake in mod. oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes.

Swift's unique system
of quality-control
assures you the same
superbly mellow flavor,
the same delicious
tenderness, in every
Swift's Premium Ham.

First choice

*in twice as many kitchens
as any other floor polish!**



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Never before a floor polish that does what Johnson's New Glo-Coat does!

It's the result of a new blend of waxes and special ingredients, perfected in the world's largest wax laboratories . . . and it brings a new kind of beauty, a new kind of protection to linoleum, rubber, asphalt and Mastic tile, or varnished wood floors!

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make it more lustrous!

Nothing could be easier! Just spread on with a clean cloth or a long-handled applicator. Glo-Coat covers smoothly, without streaking, and shines itself as it dries without rubbing or buffing.

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in the half-gallon size,
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in the cost per pint!



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FIBBER FUGGIE AND MOLLY—Every Tuesday evening—CBC

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED: Just use New Glo-Coat once. If you are not convinced it is the finest self polishing wax you have ever tried on your floors, mail the unused contents of the can to S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Canada. Full purchase price, including postage, will be refunded.

*Latest figures released by International Surveys, Ltd., an independent research organization, show that New Glo-Coat is used in more than twice as many homes, coast to coast, as any other floor polish!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., Brantford, Canada, 1949

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Continued from page 26
at various unlikely angles. I decided this was a bit gruesome even for an uncle of mine so I went back to the beginning of the list.

Smoking Cap. Pyjama Case. Sponge Bag. Well, old Turk chews plug, never wears pyjamas, and when he bathes he rubs himself down with a handful of loose gravel—a trick he picked up from the Indians.

Indoor Flower Garden. Indoor Flower Garden. I looked at my eyes in the mirror. Sure enough, there was a mad light in them. Feverishly I turned to page 100.

The illustration showed a *papier-mâché* affair like the bottom half of a roasting pan filled with dirt in which sprouted what appeared to be stalks of celery mingled with Brussels sprouts. "For the Flat Dweller," the caption said. The materials list called for a bale of old newspapers, glue, plaster of Paris, and some axle grease.

I scratched my armpits thoughtfully. Uncle Turk could probably be described more accurately as a cave dweller than as a flat dweller. At the moment he occupies a broom closet (along with a vacuum cleaner and some old phonograph records) in Aunt Maude's place. Still, I decided, something like this might be just what he needed and as luck would have it the ingredients were all at hand. My apartment was full of old newspapers, dumped by the people upstairs. I had some plaster of Paris—having made some casts of the footprints of a mysterious intruder only the day before. Axle grease—well, what house doesn't have some axle grease kicking around somewhere?

Eagerly I set to work. First you whipped up some *papier-mâché*. Then you plastered this around a mold of some sort. The plaster of Paris stiffened the mixture and the grease kept it from sticking to the mold, as in baking a cake.

Flower Gardens for All

Following directions to the letter I ripped up the old newspapers (rejecting some that didn't seem quite old enough) into small pieces, soaked them in water for a day, poured off most of the water, added two pounds of Scotch glue, and brought the whole revolting mess to a rapid boil in my dishpan.

I felt, somehow, that something was lacking, so I threw in two cakes of yeast and a double handful of seedless raisins. After a moment's thought I added some pink cake coloring. The stinking mass now resembled pink porridge and while I stared, fascinated, the level in the dishpan started to rise like a hungry amoeba.

Hastily I grabbed a saucepan and scooped out a large dollop, not wanting to lose any of it. After all, if this were successful, I could send Indoor Flower Gardens to all my eager relatives. Very quickly, however, I saw that I was going to need another saucepan. The stuff was dividing like a houseful of bacteria. Probably one cake of yeast would have been enough, but I do like a light mixture.

A few minutes later, breathing hard, I ran upstairs for more saucepans. Less than two dozen kicks on her door brought forth my landlady—an amiable woman with a hatchet face and a streak of Siwash blood. Although she didn't call me a liar outright she affected to disbelieve my story that I was cooking up a mess of Indoor Gardens.

I couldn't waste time arguing so I snatched up a couple of fire buckets and returned hastily to my cellar salon.

As I had feared, I was too late. A

red tide was sweeping down the sides of the stove and the gas burners had been choked to death. I turned off the gas and poked gloomily at the contents of my saucepans. The stuff was already taking on some of the firmness of well-cured cement—if you can imagine pink cement with raisins in it—and I spent a happy two hours chipping holes in my pots and pans and scraping the paint off the stove.

Luckily, the Largo motto is: "Nil nisi lagis est," which—if you don't mind a rather free translation—means: "Don't give up the ship until you see the whites of their eyes." Besides, Christmas, that happy, carefree time, was fast approaching—in fact faster. And where was I? To ask the question was to answer it.

Spurn Not the Lowly Spud

The other reason—at which I only hinted earlier—why I found myself in this predicament was that just after last Christmas a slight but disastrous illness confined me to bed for a week or so. I had a touch of ptomaine poisoning—probably due to eating overripe ptomaines sent by my Uncle Bingo from India. This prevented me from attending the after-Christmas bargain sales where I usually acquire a good stock of cut-rate gifts and hold them for a year.

In sheer desperation I was forced to turn again to "Gifts You Can Make Yourself." What would it be? Lavender sachets? Hot-water bottle covers? Ribbon blouse fronts, knitted bed jackets, patchwork bed jackets, tattered bed jackets? Toddler's reins, toothbrush boxes, crochet luncheon sets?

Unfortunately none of these splendid items lent themselves to mass production. I was just about to give up when three words suddenly spelled themselves out in italics: *Potato-Patterned Covers*. How had I overlooked it?

You just needed some covers (easily contrived from old wrapping paper), some poster paint, and a few potatoes. You cut a potato in half, hacked out the flat surface in some mad ornamental pattern, and dabbed the potato in the poster paint. Then you used the potato like a rubber stamp to plaster the gay, messy pattern all over the covers. As the book said on page 144: "A favorite music score bound with a potato-patterned cover will prove a happy gift for music lovers."

In fact, it would be just the thing for Uncle Bingo (he hates music). I was reaching under the kitchen table for the old crate where I keep my vegetables when another thought occurred to what remained of my mind. If potatoes, why not some other vegetable? How about cucumbers? Or tomatoes? Carrots? Beetroot? Squash? String beans?

Well, with me to think is to act, and vice versa. Before you could say "Turnip-Patterned Covers" I had the kitchen table strewn with an array of sliced vegetables that would have made a market gardener sob with envy. I was fresh out of poster paint (haven't painted a poster since I swore off) but I did have a nice juicy can of red lead. Soon I was happily patterning some old filing folders into covers even the author of "Gifts You Can Make Yourself" never dreamed of.

One cover—which I intend to wrap around an old copy of "The Campfire Girls Go Hog-Wild" for my Uncle Bingo—is, I think, unique. It looks like a sunset with a bad case of the hives. I got this effect simply by glueing a fried egg (sunny side up) on an old piece of cardboard and sprinkling liberally with red paint.

Now, there's a gift you can get your teeth into! ★

his fast, too, and threw it in, and it shriveled up and burned and fell back on the hearth. I guess he felt the same way. And then my father put his hand over Philip's and helped him write, because of course he was only five; he couldn't really write. We watched while he took the letter and put it in the very top of the flames. It flew straight up the chimney.

"I asked for a tinker toy," he said. We pretended to be very surprised, but we weren't. When he looked at the toy pages in the catalogue, that was what he always looked at, tinker toys. "And what about you, Cora?" asked my father. She was sitting cross-legged on the buffalo rug, with a big book on her lap and the paper on top of it.

"I'm thinking," she said.

We knew she was going to ask for a doll. She always asked for a doll.

But she sat for a long time. Then all of a sudden she jumped up and ran and hid behind the dining-room table and spread her paper out on the floor and wrote her wish. She came running back into the room and thrust her letter into the fire and it went sailing up the chimney without ever touching the flames.

She turned round to us, and she was happy all over.

"I asked Santa to bring us a Christmas tree," she said.

Philip let out a whoop and jumped up and down and hugged Cora, and they laughed and laughed, because they were quite sure that everything would be all right now. But the rest of us looked at each other, and it was awful, and a lump came in my throat that was so big it sent a pain all through my chest. Mother picked Cora up and held her very close and looked as though she were going to cry.

"Oh my darling!" she said.

"Well now Cora," my father said, "that was a wonderful wish, but you mustn't count on it too much. Santa will have so many toys in his sleigh I'm afraid he won't have any room for a big thing like a Christmas tree."

But she wasn't worried. She was only six, she believed in Santa Claus. Like in God.

IT WAS hard to be gay after that. Cora and Philip were so happy, each was like a flame dancing around the room. And you couldn't put out a flame like that. I wished we were all in bed and asleep, and never going to wake up again.

But we did what we had always done. We finished The Christmas Carol, and we sang Silent Night, Holy Night, and we read about the shepherds and the Baby Jesus out of the Bible. And then we hung our stockings by the fireplace and lit our red candles, and marched slowly up the stairs to bed.

"The Christmas tree will be waiting for us when we wake up," said Cora, and she blew out her candle.

I couldn't even cry, because Cora was right there across the room, and she wasn't sleeping. I think she really wanted to sleep, and wake up, and find Christmas and the Christmas tree both there; but she couldn't help listening for Santa Claus.

Twice she popped out of bed and slipped out to the head of the stairs. But each time mother called to her to go back, that it was early, that Santa would be a long time yet. I couldn't help crying then. I put my head under the pillow and pressed it tight all around me. I knew there wasn't any Santa Claus.

After a while the smell of something cooking crept up the stairs and into our room. At first I didn't recognize it, and then all of a sudden I knew it was oats heating on the kitchen stove, hot oats for somebody taking

a long cold drive. I was terrified, I jumped out of bed and ran to the head of the stairs.

"Mummie! Mummie!" I screamed, "are you going away?" Because everything was so awful, it seemed that even that awful thing could happen.

She came running and picked me up and carried me back to bed. "No, no. We're just heating some oats for Santa's sleigh. It's a terribly cold night."

AFTER a long long time I guess I went to sleep. Once I half wakened and thought I heard the song of sleigh bells. But I knew it was a dream. I knew Santa Claus wouldn't be coming.

It was pitch dark when I wakened next, but I knew instantly that it was morning, and I didn't want to be awake. I wanted to slide back into the safety of sleep, away from Cora's face when she ran down the stairs and saw the little rubber plant still there, with the tinsel on it. I lay back and put my hands over my eyes and tried to force myself back into sleep.

And then suddenly something was different. It was as though there was a light, only not in the room, in me, and it was growing, growing. I didn't understand it. It felt like happiness, and it couldn't be. And then it broke over me and I knew.

I was out of bed and running out of the room and down the stairs. And the perfume was stronger and stronger and suddenly I was in the parlor and the fire was dancing up around a log in the fireplace and in its light a star was shining on the most wonderful Christmas tree in the world.

It was tall, it touched the ceiling, and its branches dripped silver icicles and tinsel and strings of popcorn, and two fat angels bobbed gently on the top-most branches, and great red bubbles flashed their red fire in my face.

I screamed, "Cora! It's come. Philip! Harry!" And I ran wildly up the stairs and dragged Cora out of her sleep onto the floor, and cried and laughed, and said, "Cora, it's here!" And then I was in Philip's and Harry's room, and they were shouting too, and the whole house was going wild, and we were half running, half falling down the stairs, with the perfume turning us dizzy and Christmas rushing out from the parlor to meet us.

We were all around the tree, all over it, loving it, crazy, when mother and father came running down the stairs dragging their dressing-gowns around them. "What's happened?" cried my mother. "Well, well!" said my father. "So he did have room in the sleigh!"

THERE aren't any words to describe the happiness of that day. After a while we were a little quieter, and mother sent us upstairs to dress, and father built up the fire, and we each ate an orange. But that was all we could eat; you can't think about toast and eggs on a morning like that.

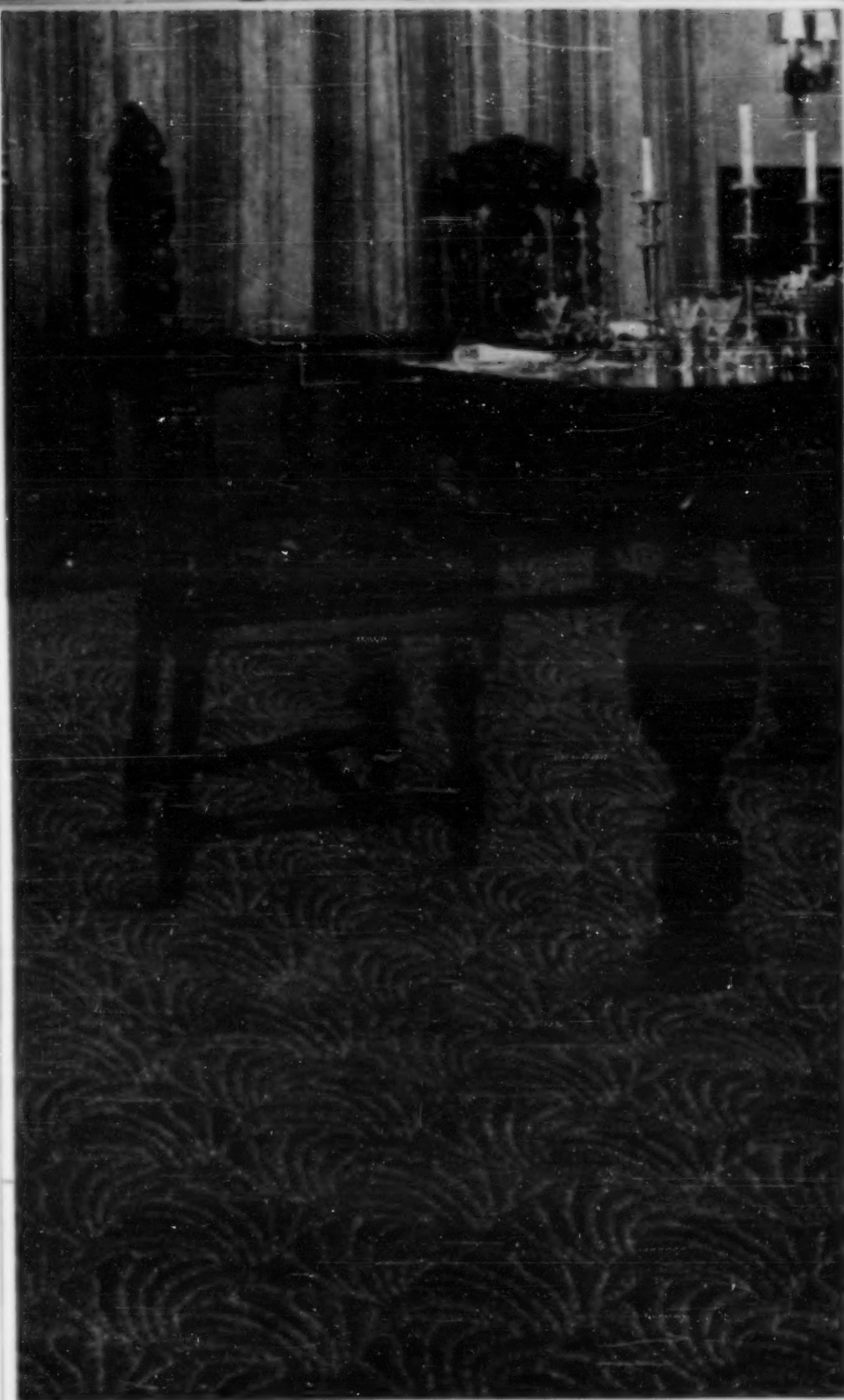
And then we were all sitting on the buffalo rug, and my father was taking the Christmas presents off the tree. His face was all red, as if he'd been out in the cold, and his nose was red and swollen and shiny. My brother Harry noticed it first.

"When did you freeze your nose, Dad?" he asked, surprised.

My father reached down another present. "I guess I should have worn a scarf," he said, "when I was bringing in the wood."

And then we forgot about it, because Cora was opening a big box, and Santa had brought her a doll, as well as the tree.

After we'd opened the boxes, and looked at everything, Harry all of a sud-



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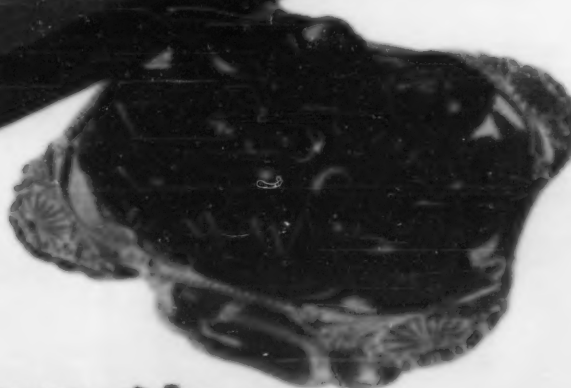
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Ganong's  **Chocolates**

The Finest in the Land

Small Miracle for Cora

Continued from page 21

can't," he told my brother Harry. "You see, Christmas trees don't grow in the country around Barclay. It's too dry. The only trees that grow around here are poplars and willows."

"We'll get a poplar tree," said my mother quickly, "and put green paper on it to make it look like a Christmas tree."

We just looked at her.

"It wouldn't smell right," said my brother Harry.

"Don't take it too hard," said my father. "It will still be Christmas, even without a tree. We'll put the decorations around the fireplace."

"We'll hang the star in the window," said my mother. "Eat your soup, Cora honey."

But Cora started to cry. We rushed to comfort her. We pretended she was crying because her tongue hurt. But we knew that wasn't the reason.

We couldn't any of us eat very much after that, although my mother set Cora on her knee, and my father told us a story he had thought up during the day. We hardly heard him, because we were trying to think of Christmas without a Christmas tree, only it wouldn't come out Christmas.

After the supper dishes were done, mother went to the phone and called everybody on our party line and asked them if they knew any place where she could get a Christmas tree. Mrs. Anderson said you could get them out of the catalogue, little ones about six inches high, made out of paper; only it was kind of late for that, wasn't it? And Mrs. Wright said they never had a Christmas tree; her children hung their stockings to the bedpost. And Mrs. Elson said, why don't you shred up some green tissue paper and tie it to a little poplar tree? And Miss Thomas, the telephone operator, cut in to offer, "I'll send my rubber plant over, Mrs. Rusk. It looks just like Christmas with some tinsel hung around it."

But nobody could tell her where she could find a Christmas tree.

They let us stay up later than usual that night, and mother read us the first ghost in *The Christmas Carol*. But when we went to bed and she blew the lamp out, there wasn't any Christmas tree smell in the house, and the air wasn't full of excitement, as it should have been. I cried. I could hear Cora crying too, in her bed across the room.

THE NEXT DAY my father said at breakfast, "I'm going down to see Howard. He's the district agriculturist; and if there's a Christmas tree anywhere in this country, he'll know about it."

My brother Harry and I went with him. Mr. Howard had an office at the back of the town hall. He was a big fat jolly man, and he pushed a cat off a chair so my father could sit down, and gave each of us a humbug to suck.

"Christmas trees?" he said. "Oh man, I can't help you there. The country doesn't produce such a thing. You could go a hundred miles any way from here and not come across a single fir. Or many other trees for that matter. I've badgered some of the farmers into nursing along Manitoba maples for windbreaks, but that's the best I can do."

He thought a minute.

"Only man ever raised a fir around here," he said, "is old Bogardus, out beyond Bradley, twenty-five miles on the south road. He's got half a dozen either side of his driveway."

My father jumped up. "I'll go out and see him this afternoon," he said.

"Don't waste your time," Mr. Howard shook his head. "He's a crusty old beggar, and he brought those trees in from the north ten years ago. Lost half a dozen, but the other twelve survived. He hauled water for them every summer from the creek two miles away. You might ask him for his right arm—hang stars and tinsel on that."

But we went right back home anyway, and my father called Mr. Bogardus on the telephone. He told him all about it; he told him even a branch off a Christmas tree would do. Mr. Bogardus hung up in his ear.

It was just a few days to Christmas then, but it might as well have been the middle of March. We did the things we had always done. We cut stars out of silver paper, but they weren't to hang on the Christmas tree. We tacked them up in the archway between the parlor and the dining room.

And we popped corn and strung it on long pieces of green string. But that wasn't for the Christmas tree either. That was for the rubber plant that Miss Thomas, the telephone operator, brought over. We thanked her, because mother had told us ahead of time that we must; but it didn't look like much with tinsel hung around it. It looked silly.

My brother Harry and I pretended it was just fine, though. My brother Harry even said, "I guess it's really better than a Christmas tree. It won't drop needles all over everything." My father had called us into his study and explained that he was going to need our help with the little ones. He said we were big, he knew we'd understand; but when you're little, just five and six, it's hard not to have a Christmas tree for Christmas.

So my brother Harry didn't tease anybody those days, not like he always used to; he took Philip out in the back yard and built him an igloo. But when he was inside, hollowing out the middle, Philip went away. It took us quite a while to find him. He was down in the ravine and he was crying with the cold, but he didn't want to come home. He was trying to find a little Christmas tree among all those willows.

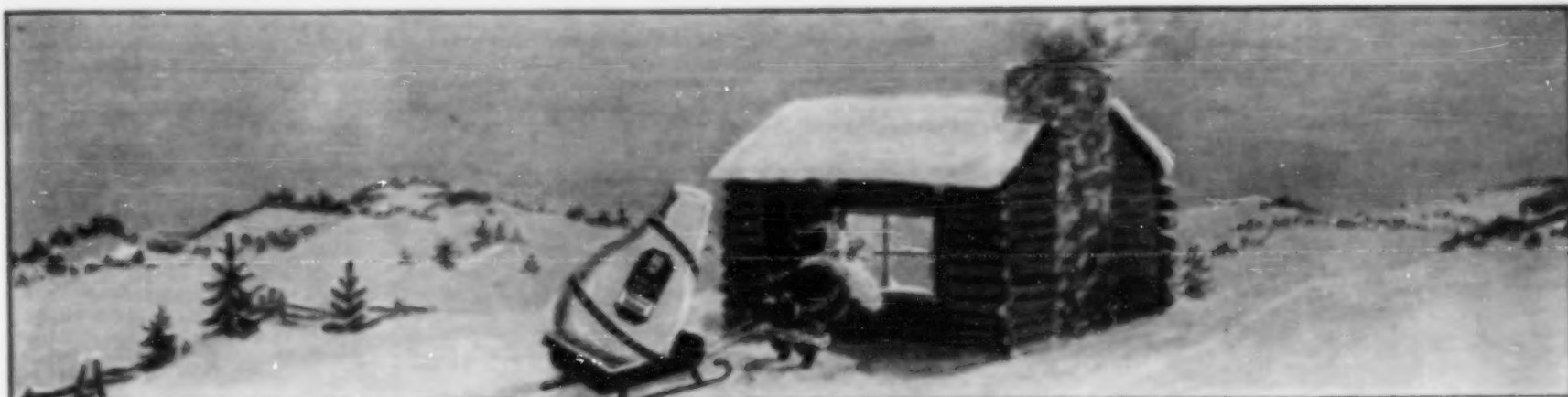
I tried too. I got out my big sheets of green and red drawing paper that I was saving to paint pictures at school on. I tried to help my sister Cora make a basket out of them for mother for Christmas. But all she wanted to cut out of the green paper was Christmas trees.

BY THE TIME Christmas Eve came it was terribly cold outside, around twenty below, and somehow or other the cold seemed to have sneaked inside, too, and spoiled everything. Even the chocolate cookies that mother was baking for Santa Claus didn't smell right.

After supper we gathered in the parlor, and my father piled the wood on the fire until the flames were roaring up the chimney, and we sat in front of it on the old buffalo rug, and my father took down his guitar and we had a singsong of all the Christmas carols, and Philip sang *Away in a Manger* all by himself, because *Away in a Manger* was the only one he could carry the tune of. We clapped our hands when he was finished.

Then my father brought out his very best typewriter paper, that he wrote his sermons on, and we all wrote our letters to Santa Claus.

I wrote mine quickly and threw it in the fire and it burned up and that was that. I had stopped believing in Santa Claus. My brother Harry wrote



"It wouldn't be Christmas without -



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den remembered Coley McNichol, and what he'd said about our not having a tree. So he went to the phone and called him, and of course all the party line heard, too; and pretty soon everybody in Barclay knew, and the whole town was coming to see the tree. All day long they were tramping through the house, and setting their cameras on the table to take pictures of it. I guess that was the only Christmas tree that ever did come to Barclay. Coley McNichol was sure impressed. He looked at it for a long long time. Then he asked my brother Harry if he could have one of the red bubbles off it, to remember it by.

One man even drove in from the country twenty-five miles to see it. My father saw him first. We heard sleigh runners crunching in the snow and he looked out the window and said, "Why, it's Mr. Bogardus."

He was a little, tough sort of man, with a red toque pulled down over his

ears and big fur mitts on his hands; and as soon as my mother opened the door, he said, "I hear you folks have a Christmas tree."

We brought him into the parlor, all of us, because it was nice of him to come all that way to look at our tree, and Cora gave him two of her humbugs.

He looked the tree over very carefully.

"Yup," he said, "I thought so. That's my tree all right."

He glanced at my father, and his hard old face started to smile, just a little.

"That old sinner, Saint Nick, collected it last night," he said. "One-thirty in the morning, it was, and twenty below, when he came hanging at my door. Claimed he absolutely had to have it for a little girl up here in Barclay."

"I am a hard man," said Mr. Bogardus, "but I couldn't say no to a saint with a frost-bitten nose." ★

Open Letter to an American

Continued from page 14

letters from the U. S. revealed that the New York Herald Tribune had given space to my remarks and that newspapers had carried it more or less across the country.

One or two of the letters were friendly, a half dozen asked for elucidation of my meaning, and the others were either icily or hotly contemptuous. But the most interesting of them all came from a gentleman in the southern United States.

He said he had been exasperated by my statement quoted in the New York Herald Tribune: "We are grateful for the gifts received, but we do not want sympathy, and we certainly do not want charity." He called on me to explain this in the interests of better Anglo-U.S. relations.

He went on to say that Britain's poorer position in the world seemed to many to be the result of basic dishonesty, first exemplified on a large scale in the years after the first Great War when Britain balanced her budget by winking on debts to the United States.

My critical correspondent said that despite my remarks the British do want charity and are getting it on an immense scale from the Americans. Was it smart, then, he asked, to insult the intelligence of those same Americans, the only ones who could help? He thought remarks like mine would make the United States do some hard thinking on whether it should, for reasons of sentiment, continue to extend charity to such graceless recipients. And if that charity stopped, it would be just too bad for Britain.

Baxter's Reply

I acknowledged the letter and informed my correspondent that I would make my reply in the form of an open letter in Maclean's. For what it may be worth, here it is:

"If anything were needed to prove that Britain is being looked upon as a mendicant by an increasing number of people abroad your communication would have supplied it. May I say at once that I do not resent your frankness. Let us hope that you will not resent mine."

"You are obviously a good American, rightly proud of your nation's position, wealth and kindness of heart. Also, like a good American, you show a lofty disdain for what Rudyard Kipling once called 'The lesser breeds without the law.'"

"Just for a moment, however, I must ask you to turn back the calendar, a process which never appeals greatly to a young people. But it is you who have raised the question of the First World War debts, and the dishonesty with which Britain dealt with them."

"It must now be apparent to you that the Kaiser's war in 1914 was the first move in the open struggle of totalitarianism against freedom. Whether you call it Fascism, Nazism, Communism or by another name, the truth is that the issue was joined and the battle could not be denied."

"Great Britain with her sense of history accepted the challenge. America, which had been created out of rebellion against injustice, stood aside. Not even the sinking of the Lusitania by a U-boat awoke her to her danger and her responsibility."

Does Justice Vary?

"Certainly you sold us armaments and sent supplies that were invaluable. Eventually you entered the conflict and brought the war to an end. Your troops fought with great gallantry and their very freshness helped to break the Germans' will to resistance."

"But may I ask you a question? If it was right for the U. S. to come into the war in November, 1917, why was it not right in August, 1914? Does the human conscience work to a timetable?"

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Is justice, like a stock exchange equity, of one value on Tuesday and another on Saturday?

"So the war ended and there came the financial aftermath. Have you a good memory, my dear sir? If so you will probably recall that Arthur Balfour, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, offered to forgive Britain's

Continued on page 34

Warrior in the Vatican

Continued from page 16

most of the countries of Europe and spent several months in the United States. When Pius XI died Pacelli became the first papal secretary of state to ascend to the church throne; this was 1939 and the College of Cardinals undoubtedly was moved by the pressure of world events to select a man schooled in the world's political ways.

At first the new Pope's actions indicated that his schooling had taught him chiefly to be a mediator, a peace-maker. He tried to patch up things between Hitler and Poland until the moment the Nazi tanks started rolling. Mussolini is said once to have sneered: "How wrong I was to be afraid of this Pacelli being elected . . . I thought he was a schemer ready to make things hard for us . . . his prudence makes him a weakling."

But Vatican sources tell of the morning in February, 1945, at the time of the Yalta conference, when Count de la Torre, editor of *Osservatore Romano*, informed Pius XII of Stalin's reported crack to Roosevelt: "The Pope? How many divisions has he got?" The Holy Father is said to have gone striding swiftly across his studio to stop before a painting of Pope Pius V. And, gazing at it fixedly, he was overheard to murmur to himself, "And he . . . did he have any divisions?"

That day the Vatican City knew that Eugenio Pacelli had taken Pius V as his model and patron—the last Pontiff to organize a Western crusade to destroy the barbarian forces of the Orient when he allied Spanish and Venetian forces which stopped the westward-pushing Turks at the naval battle of Lepanto in 1571.

Cardinals in the Senate

Today the Pope's prestige gains with every Moscow setback. The political omens suffered by his clergy are winning him the sympathy and solidarity of his people such as he had never known before. In this war of ideas the Pope's divisions are invisible. Nevertheless, the organization which he controls is a world force to be reckoned with. As "Sovereign of the State of the City of the Vatican" he is temporal ruler of a courtyard realm housing only 916 subjects, but spiritually he reigns over 370 million souls.

This vast spiritual force is directed through an organization of close to 2 million priests, monks and nuns, 964 bishops, 333 metropolitans, 36 archbishops, 14 patriarchs and 68 cardinals. The College of Cardinals serves as the church's supreme senate; the cardinals are the Pope's immediate advisers and from their number are chosen heads for the 11 church "ministries," known as congregations.

Of all the Pope's advisers, however, the papal secretary of state ranks as the prime minister of the Vatican cabinet, and it is undoubtedly significant that since 1944 Pius XII has, in effect, retained this important portfolio for himself.

Thousands upon thousands of words of coded reports reach the Vatican daily from the 43 apostolic nunciatures and 23 apostolic delegations which serve the Roman Catholic Church as ambassadors, ministers and counsels in foreign capitals. Digested reports of these dispatches, of information received from the representatives of 32 countries which maintain embassies at the Vatican, and of foreign broadcasts monitored by the Vatican's own radio-listening post, reach the Pope constantly through his state secretariat.

The man at the peak of this complex

church organization today, the man who must listen, think, pray and decide upon his church's future course of action, is 73 years old but does not look it. He has large deep-set eyes, an authoritative nose, fleshy lips imprisoned by two deep wrinkles. He is tall and emaciated, strides swiftly on his afternoon walks through the Vatican gardens, talks quickly and vivaciously with intimates and visitors. He likes to smile.

His sense of humor can be biting. The story goes that one day he was listening to a nervous envoy who kept repeating endlessly, "If Your Holiness believes, if the Pope believes, if you think, if the Pontiff believes . . ."

Pius XII cried out: "Naturally My Holiness believes. If I don't believe, I the Father of Believers, who do you think believes?"

The most striking thing about him is his glance, darting, restless, full of vitality, denoting an exceptional nervous tension.

The Tomb Awaits Next Door

Like all sovereigns he must bow to an inescapable etiquette which encompasses his private life. His sacred dedication as a religious ruler only heightens his aloneness and his iron self-discipline.

Five days before his election as Pope the then papal secretary of state had by custom to tap three times on the skull of the deceased Achille Ratti, Pius XI, each time asking the corpse: "Achille, are you asleep?"

Pacelli has never forgotten this (he keeps the little silver gavel in his room) or the lesson that Pius XI work and sleep beside their tomb. A few yards from the Pontiff's apartments awaits the vault of St. Peter where Popes are buried.

Since his succession Pius XII has gone beyond the borders of the 100-acre Vatican state only twice, to stay for short periods at his summer palace outside Rome.

Of the vast Vatican palace's 11,000-rooms, grouped about 20 courtyards and linked by miles of passageways and 300 staircases, the Pope's private apartments occupy five third-floor rooms. His spacious bedroom is sparsely furnished. He sleeps on the same large iron bed with brass knobs upon which his predecessor slept and died.

His desk in the adjoining study is as picturesque as President Truman's. On it sit his white portable typewriter and his two white plastic telephones, one of which is a direct line to the automatic switchboard (anyone in the Vatican can phone the Pope, but no one dares). His desk lamp is white as are his American fountain pens (although he dislikes ink, prefers using pencil or typewriter), his glasses, robes, silk cap and his gloves, made expressly for him in Arles, France. Only his cloth shoes are red. The white intensifies his pallor and his tired features.

Altogether the palace and courts occupy 55,000 square yards—one eighth of the Vatican state—and going through them is like wandering in a maze. As you climb a broad marble staircase, gazing at Gobelin tapestries, Severn vases, the statue of Michelangelo and the paintings of Raphael, you lose yourself in the long past. Then suddenly you are confronted by a modern elevator, the doors operated by photoelectric cell.

I once found myself in a huge room lined with Cordovan leather, decorated with plaques of antique gold, magnificent brocade and crystal goblets. It was used as a storeroom for bronzes and palls.

Women are forbidden to wear too short dresses or bare arms when visiting

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Continued from page 32
 debtors if America would forgive Britain. You may be surprised to know that Britain was owed twice as much as she owed to America.

"There was vision, wisdom and humanity in the British proposal. It was the lesson of the Sermon on the Mount carried into the realm of world economics.

"But the sermon in Wall Street was different. A debt was a debt and it had to be collected. So Premier Baldwin went to Washington, concluded a

settlement, and the tragic story of postwar collapse had begun. Reparations and war debts bedeviled every attempt at normal international co-operation. The German mark crashed and out of the chaos emerged Adolf Hitler.

"How was Britain to pay the debt—by a cheque? The only way was by sending goods but the American tariffs rose until they were an unscalable wall. Generous and idealistic as Americans are, the short-sighted policy of their country in the years following

the Kaiser's war not only brought Europe to ruin but invoked a terrible financial crash upon the U. S.

"Now, my dear sir, when you treat war debts like a village grocer going over his accounts you render justice neither to yourself nor your country. And when you say that Britain showed her dishonesty by grandiloquently announcing that she had balanced her budget by repudiating her debt to the U. S., it is unworthy of you and is simply not true.

"In 1938 there came Munich. I have

no doubt that you were furious with Neville Chamberlain over his 'spinelessness.' Hitler had killed freedom in Germany. He had burnt down the Reichstag and the synagogues. The second stage of the terrible struggle of tyranny vs. freedom was nearing its climax.

"Whether Chamberlain was tactically right or wrong will be argued for a thousand years, but at least he gained one year to (a) let Hitler go straight, (b) for Britain to rearm, (c) to allow the United States to declare that she would stand with the forces of freedom. One year—a declaration from Washington would have brought Hitler down by internal revolution. But the voice of freedom would not go beyond warnings and good advice.

"Perhaps you are tired of hearing about Britain and her Empire standing alone in 1940. Repetition of anything becomes tedious in time. We who were in London during the blitz felt the warm sympathy of neutral but friendly Americans.

"I wonder at that time if you would have written to me and said: 'You British are basically dishonest . . . but is it wise to be insulting to the intelligence of the one nation which can help you?'

"Again there came the invaluable aid of American supplies. While the Germans bombed London the Americans were taking over our dollars: investments in payment for war supplies, although the French dollar investments were frozen. It meant the inevitable impoverishment of Britain whose economy is largely based on foreign investments. I don't think it was very generous or even good business.

We Are Not Mendicants

"Once more I must ask: If it was right for the U. S. to fight in 1941 why not in 1939? Can there be any neutrality in a war between barbarism and civilization?

"All this may seem a long way from food parcels and a speech in the House of Commons, but can you understand more clearly what I meant when I said that we do not want sympathy or charity?

"Charity is something given by those who have to those who have not. A dime in a blind beggar's box, a dollar for the Waifs and Strays Society, two bits for the old fellow singing on the street. These are kind actions toward the deserving poor.

"But there can be no charity in friendship, comradeship or partnership. Kindness yes, understanding yes, a sense even of indebtedness yes, a recognition of sacrifice yes, a gesture of human warmth yes. But to see no more than a beggar in the nation that would not compromise with tyranny is enough to make any gift a thing to be despised.

"Great Britain is a debtor nation. That is something which no one can deny. But is not America also a debtor nation? You cannot value blood in dollars but is there no spiritual debt for the young men of Britain—our poets, our future political leaders, our fathers-to-be of happy families—who died while holding the ramparts of freedom?

"Forgive me if I have been blunt. Forgive me if I have exasperated you instead of trying to make sure of more handouts. But much as we value America's co-operation and friendship we will not stand in the mendicants' queue and bow our heads in humility at the tinkle of the dime.

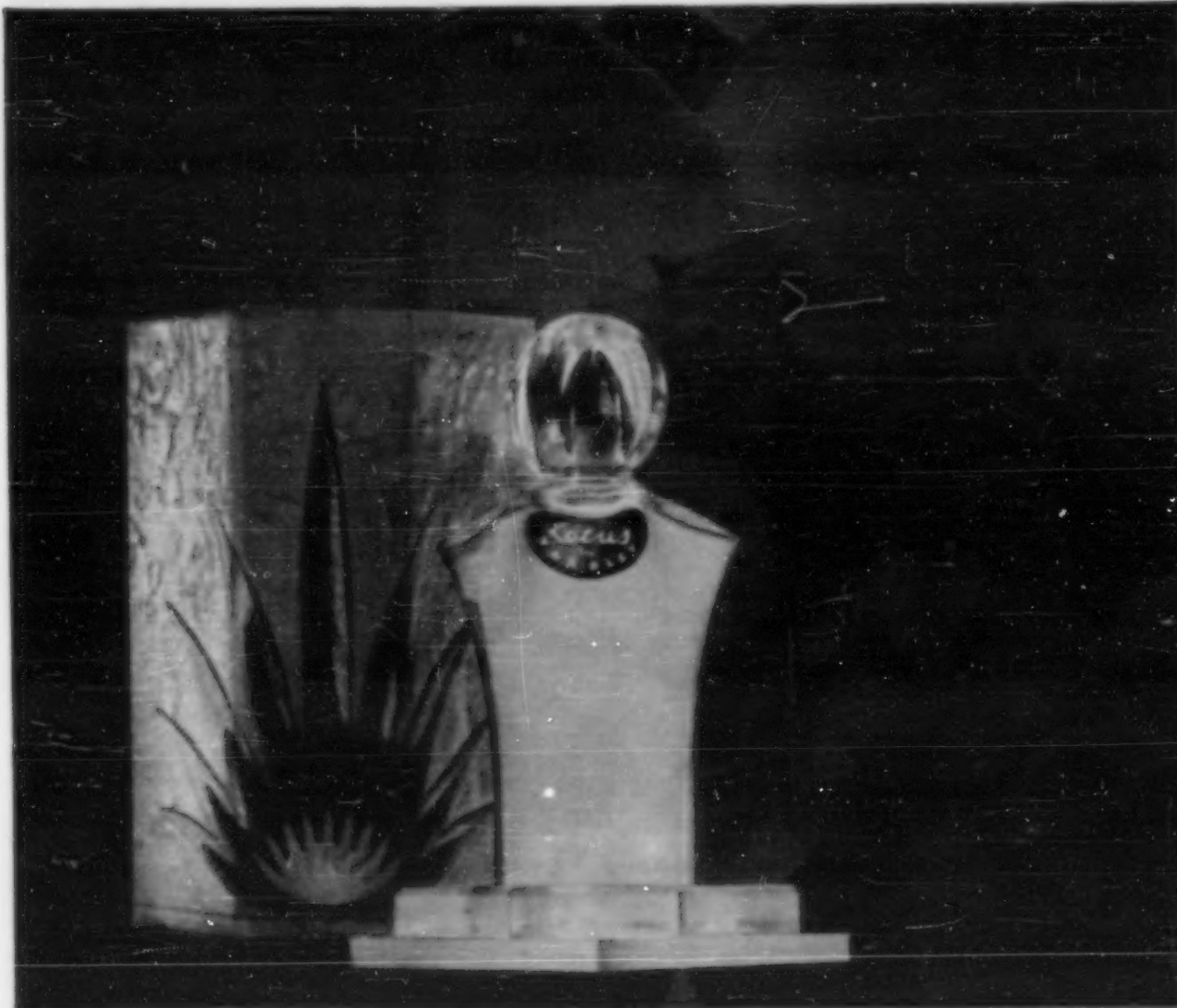
"I remain, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely

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Blow the Horn for Christmas

Continued from page 11

impatiently at the apartment windows was the driver.

"Cripes, it's Monty Woolley," muttered Joe, gazing at hair on chin and cheeks and upper lip. He opened the door. "Yes?"

"I've had trouble," said the man in a crisp, no-nonsense voice. You could hardly see his lips for the beard, but you could see his eyes. They were no-nonsense too, to the point of inaccessibility. "I'm in a hurry."

Joe could see what the trouble was. A flat. Right rear. "Okay," he sighed. "I'll run 'er in the shop and put on your spare."

He opened the ponderous shop doors with a one-handed flip and snapped the lights on. A cheerful small cave was made in the vast whiteness of the night. A rather cold cave, though. Joe kept the oil stove on low in the office, and a little heat found its way in here, but not much. He shivered and rolled the car in on the jack.

"Keys," he said, jerking a thumb at the rear luggage compartment. "I'll put on the spare and . . ."

"I need the spare for a spare," said the man. "Think I can drive around on a night like this without a spare? You fix the tire and put it back on."

"Now, wait," said Joe. "It's twenty-five of twelve on a Christmas Eve."

"Your sign says you fix flats."

"Another sign says I'm closed now."

"And if I get a second flat, in the snow, miles from help?"

Joe thought of Kate, and thought of the nice warm living room upstairs and of the two of them in it on this night. "Oh, all right," he sighed.

"And quickly, please. At twelve sharp I must leave here."

This was too much. Joe straightened to tell the gentleman with the grey chin mattress exactly where he could go for his quick service. Then he shrugged. He'd come down in answer to the bell, he was going to do this job and he knew it, why do it with bad grace?

"It's warmer in the office," he said, bending down and twirling nuts off the wheel. "Better go in there."

KATE came in as he had the snow-tread casing off the rim and was yanking out the inner tube.

"Joe Foster! What in the world . . ."

"One word out of you," growled Joe, "and I'll vulcanize a patch over that opening in your pretty little face." And then he grinned sheepishly, and Kate laughed in a helpless sort of way, and he said, "Merry Christmas, baby," and sliced his thumb on the sharp end of the valve stem.

He got the patch on, and Kate walked around the shop. She looked idly through the rear window of the jacked-up sedan and exclaimed.

"What's up?" said Joe.

"Oh, Joe, I'm glad you came down. He's got a big sack in back here. Toys. I can see a couple sticking out the top. Joe, don't you see? He's one of the church Christmas committee."

"Oh," said Joe, "why's he have to deliver the load tonight, though? Why not tomorrow?"

"I expect they're trimming the tree and arranging the presents right now," Kate said. "You about through?"

Joe nodded, and a few minutes later eased the jack down. He stepped to the doorway between shop and office.

"All fixed."

The man glanced at the clock. It was five minutes of twelve. "Thank you," he said curtly, and he gave Joe

fifty cents for the repair. Fifty cents, no more, no less. He drove out of the shop, then stopped. He reached in back and got a small oblong package. "Here," he said. "You can help me a lot by delivering this to little Jimmy Bryant."

Then for the first time his eyes got less irascible and there might have been a grin hidden behind the beard. "Merry Christmas," he said, and rolled swiftly off.

HOW DO you like that!" snapped Joe. "You can help me a lot by delivering this to Bryant's." Does the guy know where the Bryants live?

"And what time it is?" Kate added angrily. "And what night?"

"No! I won't do it. No!"

"I'll say you won't," said Kate. "Over a mile from the main road, down a back lane that will be lucky if it gets plowed by the end of next week."

They went up the stairs.

But at the head of the stairs Kate glanced at him, eyes troubled. "Joe."

"Now what?"

"The Bryant boy—Jimmy. Isn't there something—I seem to remember hearing—"

Joe scowled. He'd heard it too, from some of the road crew in for fast coffee. "Appendix," Joe said. He had been pushing this bit of information back out of sight all the way upstairs.

"Well, we can take him the present tomorrow."

"He won't be here tomorrow. They're taking him in to the Carverstown Hospital tomorrow to have the thing yanked."

"On Christmas Day? Why?"

Joe shrugged. "You have a kid. The doc says, bring him in tomorrow or I won't answer for the consequences. You bring him in tomorrow."

Joe turned on the radio and some Christmas Eve revel blared out from some night club. It sounded very gay. Joe swore and got up. "That guy! If I had him here I'd kick him so hard his beard would cover something besides his chin."

He strode toward the closet and Kate walked with him.

"So where do you think you're going?" he growled.

"To the Bryants with you," she said.

"Don't be a dope. You have to be careful in your condition."

"I'm as tough as a horse. A small one, anyhow. And Junior's nothing but a first preliminary announcement, as yet. And you may need somebody to drive while you shovel."

"Look, with one hand I could throttle you—" Joe grinned. "You're a nice child, Katie, maybe I'll marry you some day."

"I wouldn't dream of it, it's much nicer this way," said Kate, climbing into her mackinaw.

THE chains were on the jeep, of course; all four wheels. Joe had been in and out all afternoon, getting people out of snowdrifts. He and Kate got into it and started down the county road. The plows had piled the snow across the entrance of the back road leading to the Bryant farm. Joe bucked it hard and went on through.

"Overmen," said Joe, "I swore I'd never look at a jeep again. And look at me!"

"I am," Kate giggled. "You look like a gorilla in a leather jacket."

They plowed along, wheels churning, catching, churning. Twice Joe had to shovel while Kate took the wheel and inched along, and at about 1 o'clock they got to the Bryant farm.

Every light in the place was on, and that was not a good or normal thing out here in this section. Not at this hour of the night. Joe carried Kate

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the Vatican, yet in no other state buildings in the world are there so many paintings of nude women.

Such contrasts strike you at every street corner. On the Vatican heights can be seen the antennae of the radio station, constructed under the personal guidance of Marconi. Its broadcasts reach the whole world yet the citizens of Vatican city never listen to it. The city has a completely automatic railroad with silent engines and yet no traveler ever arrives, there is no timetable, waiting room or ticket window. It carries only goods.

Tourists besiege the Vatican post office for stamps bearing the Pope's effigy, and these sales have become an important part of the state income. And yet the post office does not function within the state itself: there are no mailmen for it is just as easy to carry a letter to a neighbor's house as to a postbox. A large studio produces religious and documentary films, but there is no movie theatre or other place of entertainment.

As a guest at the only hotel in the state I had to have a police permit. (My typewriter was banned because it made too much noise.) Guest or resident, anyone who wishes to take a little stroll in foreign (Italian) territory must return before 11 p.m. or else be reported by a policeman.

A "City" Without Noise

The Vatican has its own army to defend the Pope's temporal domain, comprised of three corps. Members of the Roman aristocracy make up the Noble Guard which is the personal escort of the Holy Father. The guard has 94 officers and no other ranks.

Then there is the corps of Swiss Guards, heir to the legendary mercenaries and recruited from Swiss or German descent. These are tall, handsome, blond young men who wear the red, yellow and blue taffeta uniforms designed by Michelangelo. Finally, there is the Palatine Guard, composed of volunteers from Rome's middle class and artisans. Nobles, Swiss and Palatines are armed to the teeth with halberds, swords, daggers, pikes and spears, and wear magnificent coats of mail, visors, breastplates and helmets.

The inhabitants of the "City of God" not only owe absolute obedience to the Sovereign, but have their lives on his. When in the morning about 6.30 a light glimmers in the third window on the top floor looking out on the Square of St. Peter everyone knows that the Holy Father has risen and everywhere else life begins, too. But it is a mute life. The people seem to talk, walk, pray, work, sing and live without noise, like players in a film with a broken sound track.

The Pope has fixed habits. After the brief prayer he says at his window upon rising he takes a cold bath, summer and winter, then shaves with an electric razor (white, of course) and says mass in his private chapel next to his room. Not until 8.30, his devotions ended, can he think of food, which is prepared by the three Swiss nuns who serve as housekeepers for the Papal apartment. The nuns never see the Pope who is waited on by a personal male servant.

The breakfast menu never changes—coffee, with a dash of milk, and a buttered roll. Perhaps lingering at the breakfast table, or moving to his nearby study, he reads through the digest of world radio news prepared by his staff overnight, and looks over the Italian and a selection of foreign newspapers. By 9 o'clock he has taken the elevator to the floor below and touched a bell in the library there as a signal that the day's audiences are to begin.

First visitors are his undersecretaries of state bringing him confidential reports on political and religious problems, and other senior church officers. Then follow private audiences for foreign diplomats and other visiting VIP's. Perhaps not until 1.30 is there opportunity for the public audiences to begin; they last perhaps half an hour.

Lunch is late and, as with all other meals, the Pope eats alone. The mid-day menu is Italian: a plate of rice, or soup with noodles; more rarely, and then only sparingly, spaghetti with a little butter. This is followed by a slice of roast veal and green vegetables, or boiled fish; and almost invariably there is an orange for dessert.

A Walk in an Empty Garden

The Pope likes to accompany his meal with a single glass of white wine. There are no sauces, condiments or spices on the table. He finishes with a cup of strong black coffee.

Following a siesta Pius leaves his palace at 4 o'clock to drive to the immense Vatican gardens. His car, an American limousine chosen for its silent engine, is dark and massive and never exceeds 25 miles an hour. For an hour the Pope paces alone through the elaborate gardens—the gates are always closed while he is there—reading and meditating as he walks. Back in his private apartments he is alone in his chapel again for a period, works alone at his desk for an hour or so, and has dinner (generally two hard-boiled eggs and vegetables, often spinach, fruits and white wine followed by black coffee).

After prayers in the chapel he returns to his study to begin his real workday at his desk, where he prepares speeches and attends to the matters brought to him earlier in the day. The light in the room over St. Peter's Square usually burns until 1.30 or 2 a.m.

So it is late at night that the Pope makes important decisions, and studies secret reports on the Kremlin. Many of these come from distraught political leaders. Pius XII acts fairly severely toward them; some he accuses of having become the blind instruments of Moscow, betrayed by their equivocal attitude. He said once to Magr. Montini, one of his undersecretaries:

"All these lamentations from behind the iron curtain remind me of the statues on the basilica of St. Peter. From my window these sculptures of Christ and the 12 apostles look magnificent, grandiose, imposing. But if you go up to the cupola and look at them at close range you realize that they are out of proportion and grotesque, that the marble is badly finished and that their enormous size makes them even more hideous."

"Communism is like that. To certain intellectuals, to naive peoples and timid politicians, Moscow seems invincible, dazzling, the harbinger of terrestrial happiness, the solution to all their ills. But as soon as they get the chance of seeing the colossus at close range and tasting the joys of the regime, they have but one desire—to flee, escape from the brutal mass which threatens to crush them." ★

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"Sure," said Joe. "It'll hurt for a couple of days. Like when you really cut your finger. You can take that, I guess."

"Oh, sure," said Jimmy, and his head leaned against Joe's chest, still wide-eyed but at last a bit relaxed.

AT THE highway Bryant left the tractor in a field and took the wheel of his car from Joe. His eyes, and Mrs. Bryant's, were more expressive than his lips.

"I—uh—thanks, Foster," was all Bryant said. He sent the car along the road, and Joe and Kate watched the tail-light diminish and then sat there for a minute.

The night was luminous and beautiful around them. The stars crowded down as if jostling each other for attention, and the jeep was a small bug in a very large, glistening hemisphere.

"Golly," Kate said.

"What?" said Joe absently.

"The night. Isn't it gorgeous?"

"Yeah—"

"Joe."

"Uh huh?"

"I'm glad we came."

"Yeah—"

"They needed help. Joe, you were good with Jimmy."

"Um—"

Kate turned. "And what," she demanded, "do you think you're thinking about so hard?"

"What?" Joe started. "Oh, Tractors. The Channing. They really should have somebody closer to take care of the local trade. I wonder if I—"

"You just do your wondering tomorrow. It's half-past two and you have to be up early."

"Not on Christmas," Joe declared. "I'm going to sleep till nine and have breakfast in pyjamas and bathrobe and listen to the radio."

"And if at half-past six somebody yells up or hoots? And you get to thinking of cracked cylinder blocks or hauling jobs or flat tires or freezing in snow banks?"

"Well—I-I," said Joe. ★

The Ship That Was Cursed

Continued from page 13

run to Portland in the west of England. Plans for an England-Austria service were shelved.

Brunel had been working desperately hard in the interval to get her finished in time for the sailing date announced: September 6, 1859. The day before sailing he was almost too tired to hold his head up, but when a photographer came to take a picture of him standing by one of the funnels he posed with his shiny black top hat in one hand and his stick in the other. Twenty minutes later he fell to the deck, paralysed by a stroke; on September 15, nine days after the ship had sailed without him, he died.

In the early morning of the 7th, as the Great Eastern rounded the coast of Kent, the wind began to blow hard from the west. By noon it was half a gale and the small excursion steamers which had put out from the Kentish ports to see the wonderful ship were having a hard time; but the Great Eastern, as one newspaperman aboard wrote, was "as firm and immovable as Buckingham Palace."

Soon after 5 (a telegram from a shore station had just reported her "steaming grandly past Margate") there was a terrific explosion. This was followed by a savage hissing of steam and the smashing crash of glass and wood from the grand saloon, the forward end of which was completely wrecked.

Fortunately there was nobody in it, and no passenger was even scratched; but it was another matter for the crew. A steam pipe had burst in the casing of No. 3 funnel and the funnel itself had shot into the air like a huge shell, taking with it a quarter-acre of deck planking and most of the skylight of the saloon. Down in the boiler room five stokers were killed by the sudden jet of live steam and two others so horribly scalded they died later in hospital at Portland, where the Great Eastern arrived on schedule.

The court of enquiry which investigated found that the explosion had been caused by failure to open an escape cock in No. 3 vent pipe. This piece of inexcusable negligence would have been bad enough, but what was really damning was the fantastic organizational muddle the enquiry disclosed.

The Great Eastern's power plant consisted of four boilers, delivering steam to her main engines—one of 1,000 h.p. which turned the paddles, and another of 1,600 h.p. which drove

the screw propeller. Each set of main engines was run by totally separate staffs and the two chief engineers were barely on speaking terms. The result was that when the boiler room reported an alarming rise of pressure in No. 3 vent pipe, neither officer would accept responsibility for ordering the escape cock opened.

Although the double curse of being too big for her day and age and being hopelessly mismanaged made the Great Eastern a killer it quite often transformed her into something straight out of a comic nightmare. Her abortive fourth Atlantic run is a fine example of this perverse hellishness, and there are still old sailors alive who talk about it with amazement and disgust.

Several of the 400 passengers who joined her kept diaries and a number of others wrote angry letters to the newspapers when they finally got ashore again, so it is possible to reconstruct the whole business.

Crew's Quarters Like a Jail

It is also possible to say what the Great Eastern looked like that September 10, 1861, when the passengers boarded her at Liverpool. The vast hull was black, one energetic passenger noted, except for a yard-wide white band painted entirely around the ship at the bulwarks. The paddle boxes, the five funnels and the six masts (Brunel having foreseen that the engines might break down had rigged her so she could travel under sail alone) were a pale cream color. Her deck was littered with ropes ends, scraps of paper and other messy objects.

Below decks the ship was fairly clean, he said. At the bow were the crew's quarters, which reminded him of a jail and a steam laundry. Going off from the laundry he came to a special saloon for lady passengers in the first class, and then the grand saloon. These immense rooms were furnished with cut-glass chandeliers, chairs and sofas of carved walnut upholstered in red Utrecht velvet, and had paneled walls and thick-pile carpets with a design of cabbage roses.

Still farther aft came the three dining saloons furnished with much the same fusty grandeur. Running along both sides of the saloons were the first-class cabins, which measured about eight feet by 14 and had two bunks (a few had four), a washstand, and a narrow closet for clothes. Passage in these cost \$80 one way (at 1861 money values) including meals; the second- and third-class cabins, arranged around

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thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.

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Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

CINNAMON BUNS

Makes 2½ dozen

Measure into large bowl

- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

- 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

- 1 cup milk
- Remove from heat and stir in
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs

- Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour
- and beat until smooth; work in

- 3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine

- 1½ cups brown sugar
- (lightly pressed down)
- 3 teaspoons ground cinnamon
- 1 cup washed and dried seedless raisins

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼-inch thick and 16 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7-inch round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.



effortlessly up the porch steps in spite of her protests, and the door was opened by Mrs. Bryant, a tall, compact woman with worry wrinkles over her misted glasses.

"Oh," she said, looking over the glasses. "I thought maybe you were the doctor. Though with the road drifted like it is—You're Mr.—"

"Foster," said Joe. "One of the Christmas committee stopped at the station to have a tire fixed. He asked us to bring this to Jimmy tonight, since he won't be able to enjoy it tomorrow."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bryant, obviously only half there. A child's voice came from upstairs, where the other half of her was. Or maybe nine tenths. "It was very nice of you."

"Jimmy—everything's all right, isn't it?" said Kate.

"His fever's up," said Mrs. Bryant. "And he's scared. All right, dear, coming," she called up the stairs. "Won't you and Mr. Foster come up and give him the present yourselves? Mr. Bryant's in the barn."

JIMMY BRYANT was a skinny boy of eight, all eyes. Joe had seen the same look in the eyes of men overseas, lying on the stretchers while they waited to be taken to the surgeon.

"Jimmy, this is Mr. and Mrs. Foster," said Mrs. Bryant, fingers twisting at each other. They brought you a present."

"Yes," said Jimmy. He took the package but made no move to open it. Joe looked at him. He grinned and touched the small chin lightly with his big fist. "Scared—Jim?"

The boy stared back at him, eyes wide and unwavering. Joe's answer was there, and suddenly he felt helpless and inadequate. He cleared his throat loudly. Still there were no words he could find to reassure the kid. "You—uh—it won't be so bad," he stammered. Then, "Want to know what they're going to do?"

Mrs. Bryant took a quick step; Kate caught her arm. Joe turned back the bed covers and raised the boy's pyjama top. "Can't feel anything. Pin prick—see. After that you can't feel anything at all."

"Chloroform," the boy said thinly. "Like chloroform."

"Yeah," said Joe. "Just like chloroform."

"Our cat never moved any more," said Jimmy, his eyes darker than ever with fright. "Fixed her dead."

"This is different," said Joe quickly. "You'll be awake all the time. You'll know everything that happens. Only it'll be best not to look. When you look at something it makes it seem to hurt even when it don't really hurt. You can understand how that would be."

"You mean like when Mom digs for a splinter and I look the other way?"

"Same thing," Joe's finger traced just under the boy's rib cage. "Cut a little line right here, like for a splinter. Maybe an inch. Reach in and get the thing that's been giving you a belly ache, pull it out—sew it up. And all the time you'll be talking to the nurse and wondering when they're going to start, because you won't feel a thing. Got it?"

"You telling me the truth?"

"Sure," said Joe. "That's how it is."

"Like that,"

"Like that," said Joe. "Did it like that to me." He pulled down the pyjama top, deliberately not looking into Jimmy's face as he did. "I was younger than you. Eight. I can show you the scar I've had ever since I was a couple years younger than . . ."

"I'm eight too—I'm not ten—you don't have to show me."

"All right, Jimmy. Why don't you look at your present?"

JIMMY opened the package now, with some of the color back in his face. Oh, Lord, sighed Joe as the present emerged from its wrapping. A Boy Scout knife. A beauty. But a knife. However, the logic of childhood had its own rules. Jimmy loved it.

"Gee," he said. "Gee! Thank you, Mr. Foster. Mrs. Foster."

"Hey, wait, don't thank us," said Joe. "We're just delivery boys. A big man with a beard gave it to us to give to you."

"Oh. Yes. Santa Claus," said Jimmy politely. He might be imaginative about operating rooms, but it was obvious that when it came to the Christmas myth, he'd had it.

Joe laughed. "I wouldn't know about that, Jimmy. I'm no authority on Santa Clauses. Hadn't you better get some rest till your Dad takes you in to town?"

"Mr. Bryant wants to take him in to the hospital now," said Mrs. Bryant in the hall. "He's out working on the tractor."

"It'll be easier in the morning," said Joe. "First thing, a road gang's coming special to plow you out."

"I know. But Mr. Bryant thinks if Jimmy's there they can give him things to make him sleep, and they'll have more time to get him ready. We called the hospital and they say it would be all right."

Joe nodded. A night of work was a fair price for a few hours' sleep, a better break, for a kid. He put on gloves and leather jacket and went back to the barn.

MR. BRYANT was bending over the motor of his tractor with a trouble lamp throwing his shadow big against the barn wall. He was a wiry man with a partially bald head. His head was bare, probably he'd flung his cap off in a moment of exasperation, and Joe could see sweat on the bald spot in spite of the cold. The tang of recklessly squirted high-test gasoline was in the air.

"Hello," he said. "You're Foster. Glad you came. I can't seem to get this tractor started."

Joe reduced the trouble to the carburetor and then to the carburetor float, which was sticking. They used the high-test and got the worn motor turning.

"You could use some new carburetor parts," said Joe.

"I could use a new tractor. But I don't know if I'll get another Channing. It's a good machine, but the nearest dealer's forty miles away. Funny they can't have someone around here handle 'em, like other makes." He gazed curiously at Joe. "Lucky for me you showed up here. But how'd you happen to come, this time of night?"

"One of the Christmas committee asked me to bring Jimmy's church present now because he couldn't be around for it tomorrow. Big fellow with a grey beard."

"Don't seem to place anybody like that on the committee," Bryant said. He shrugged and hunted up his heavy cap.

Joe batted his hands together and put on his gloves. "You aim to take Jimmy clear to Carverstown on the tractor?"

"No," said Bryant. "Thought I'd yank my car out to the cleared road with it, and drive on from there."

The car had chains on; Joe took the wheel and Bryant got it along the driveway with the tractor following at the front end of the tow chain. Joe carried Jimmy out and Mrs. Bryant followed with an extra blanket.

"Mr. Foster," Jimmy said.

"Yuh, Jimmy?"

"Will it hurt afterward?"

couple of hundred thousand dollars, and killed one man (he fell into an open hatchway and landed on his head 60 feet below). Consequently it was one of the monster's typical runs.

After the Great Ship Company went into receivership, Cyrus Field, pioneer in submarine telegraph cable work, thought the Great Eastern would serve perfectly to lay the new cable from Valentia in Ireland to Heart's Content in Newfoundland, made necessary by the breakdown of the original cable of 1858.

Field's Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company took her over in the early part of 1864. Most of her cabins and all her main saloons were

torn out and replaced by enormous tanks, 75 feet wide and 60 feet deep, to hold the coils of the cable.

The first attempt to lay the cable failed in August 1865 when the strand parted and was lost at a point 604 miles east of Newfoundland. But in July of the following year, after 29 tries at catching the lost end in her grapple gear, she finally made it and a few days later finished the job by landing the cable at Heart's Content.

Back at anchor in England after her first triumph the Great Eastern lay idle until January 1867, producing nothing for the receivers in bankruptcy who were now her owners except a great many preposterous rumors. Ac-



ASK SANTA THESE

Maclean's Quiz by Earl McCarron

HERE'S A QUIZ to get you in the Yuletide mood. A score of 12 deserves the best that Santa can bring, a score of 10 warrants the wishbone from the turkey, no less—but, anything under nine, well, who cares? . . . after all it's time for "Merry Christmas."

Answers on page 42

1. Why did the three wise men choose gold, frankincense and myrrh as their gifts to the Christ child?
2. According to legend, was Saint Nick a big man or a little fellow?
3. Christmas festivities were once forbidden in which of these countries . . . England, France, India, Canada?
4. Given the names of four of Santa's eight reindeer, Dasher, Comet, Donner, Prancer, can you recall the names of the other four in not more than 30 seconds?
5. Chances are that you can recite the poem popularly known as "The Night Before Christmas," but can you supply the correct title of this Christmas classic?
6. What is the meaning of "wassail" as indicated in the familiar carol "Here We Come a' Wassailing"?
7. Christmas pie was a delicacy enjoyed by what nursery rhyme character?
8. What is considered the basis for the widespread practice of presenting gifts at Christmas?
9. "White Christmas" was written by Hongy Carmichael, Irving Berlin, Kurt Weill, Carmen Lombardo?
10. What is the generally accepted reason for the substitution of the letter "x" in the abbreviation "Xmas" for "Christmas"?
11. In what country will you find towns named Santa Claus and Christmas?
12. The custom of decorating the Christmas tree with candles and covering it with gifts was introduced into England by Henry VIII, Prince Albert or King George III?
13. How many ghostly visitations before Ebenezer Scrooge acquired the Christmas spirit?
14. Why is Christmas so called?

Drawing by Harris

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the sides of the four decks below the saloon level, cost \$465 and \$30.

Meals were served four times a day. Breakfast at 9, a lunch of beer and biscuits at noon, dinner at 4 (wine was extra, but the most expensive on the list cost only \$3 a bottle), and a kind of high tea, with boiled eggs and meat pie, at 7.

The voyage began that September day on a note of farce which for once was no fault of the Great Eastern's management. The Civil War had broken out in America earlier in the year and the sympathies of many Englishmen were with the southern states. The merchants of Liverpool, making fortunes out of importing slave-grown cotton, were especially pro-Confederate and didn't mind saying so. Since the Great Eastern was bound for a northern port the counter-espionage service of the northern armies sent a young officer to England in civilian clothes with orders to make the crossing with her and report any unusually rabid supporters of the South on arrival.

The officer chosen doesn't seem to have been a very talented spy (one account has him edging up to groups of passengers and cupping his hand to his ear).

Nearly a Waterloo at Sea

After this diverting start all went well for the first day—well, that is, except that the speed was a mere 11 knots instead of the 18 she was designed to make. There was also a little trouble among the crew who complained they were being kept awake by loud mysterious noises coming from somewhere in the space between the inner and outer plates of the ship (the Great Eastern had a double hull and 13 watertight compartments, and was therefore unsinkable—just like the Titanic which was built the same way). Some of the older and more superstitious seamen claimed the noise was being made by a ghost.

In the morning of the second day the wind veered to the north and worked up to a full gale by dark. The Great Eastern, which had never before run into such dirty weather, pitched and rolled so fearfully almost all the passengers took to their cabins and were very seasick. And toward midnight a sudden surge of the gale wrecked both her paddles, carried away most of her seaboots and snapped her 10-inch iron rudder post in half, leaving her completely helpless.

One of the passengers later wrote to the Times that "she lay like a huge log in the trough of the sea" from the night of Thursday, September 12, until the following Sunday. During that time every piece of china and most of her furniture was smashed to splinters. The cooks, flung wildly against the galley stoves, were too badly burned to do their work. And the rest of the crew, a sorry lot of ruffians from the slums of the Liverpool waterfront, broke into the liquor storeroom and went on a wild three-day drunk.

On Sunday afternoon the rudder was repaired after a fashion and the Great Eastern headed for Ireland.

When the ship reached Cork harbor on the morning of September 20 (she had spent two days and a night lumbering around in the approaches, but couldn't get in because of her damaged rudder) the passengers were as mad as hornets. They were also frightened for the Great Eastern's curse had struck again.

Just as the ship came to anchor, with everyone on deck watching, the massive steering wheel suddenly spun on its axle and smashed the helmsman's head to a pulp in front of their eyes.

After this they passed a resolution condemning the management of the Great Ship Company (the outfit that had bought her from the Eastern Steam Navigation crowd) and demanded to be put ashore with their baggage at once.

Then came the final blow. During the gale hundreds of tons of water had got into the baggage hold, and three days of churning and sloshing had reduced trunks and boxes to a kind of porridge. Just about everything was smashed except jewelry and spare sets of false teeth which lay scattered in a yard-deep layer of mush on the floor of the hold. Furious owners groped around in their bare feet.

The Great Ship Company had to send the 400 passengers on to America free of charge in other ships. When one of the passengers, Sir William Forwood, finally reached New York he was arrested and held in jail for 12 hours while he and his luggage were searched. He was told that a Northern agent had heard him on board the Great Eastern speaking unfavorably of the Northern government. Another passenger, Cornelius Walford, was arrested on much the same charges when he got to Boston. The young spy wasn't as silly as people thought.

Somehow the reputation of the Great Eastern survived this disastrous unfinished voyage. Curse and all (two of her sailors fell overboard and were drowned as she tied up in New York on her fifth run; they floated to the surface when her paddles churned the river as she left) the unhappy monster made four more trips between Liverpool and New York.

On the sixth, outward-bound near Sandy Hook, she struck a reef and ripped a 100-foot hole in her bottom, but was kept from sinking by her double hull and watertight compartments. The cost of repairing this, and her growing unpopularity (she once sailed with 45 passengers instead of a possible 4,000) finally ruined the Great Ship Company, which went bankrupt in the fall of 1863.

In early July 1861, however, she made the only successful and profitable voyage of her career as a passenger carrier when the British Government chartered her to take the 60th Rifle Regiment to Quebec. Everything went splendidly for everyone, with the exception of two horses which caught cold and died when she came too close to an iceberg. And the commanding officer of the troops, Colonel Mauleverer, wrote to a friend from Toronto on July 22 saying, "With regard to the ship herself, and speaking as a passenger, I have no fault to find with her. I had the easiest and most comfortable passage in my 27 years' service."

Valentia to Heart's Content

There were plenty of visitors to the Great Eastern as she lay in the St. Lawrence off the Citadel at Quebec. Excursions were run from places as far away as Toronto. The steamer Bowmanville left Wyatt's Wharf on Front Street there on the 10th of July, direct for Quebec ("making," the advertisement said, "a Day Light Trip through the magnificent scenery of the River St. Lawrence and Rapids"). The whole excursion took nine days, including two days at Quebec and one at Montreal; the fare, including meals and berth, was \$4, which, even considering that \$1 in 1861 would buy what \$5 will buy today, was fabulously cheap.

The Great Eastern left Quebec for Liverpool on August 6, with only 344 passengers and very little cargo. The crossing took 12 days, lost her owners a



Painted for O'Keefe's by the prominent Canadian artist, B. York Wilson, R.C.A., O.S.A.

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*In case you buy your motor oil by grade number, Mobiloil Arctic equals S.A.E. 20. For S.A.E. 10 ask for Arctic Special.



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according to one story the Sultan of Turkey was thinking of buying her and fixing her up with silks and jewels and marble pillars as a floating harem.

The Emperor Napoleon III of France, hearing this, was so upset he couldn't sleep properly for a week. He had decided that some French company should charter her to run between New York and Liverpool (she couldn't get in to any French port on account of her 30-foot draught) to bring rich Americans to the Paris Exposition of 1867.

In a dither of anxiety he waited to hear whether his idea could be carried out or whether the Sultan had beaten him to it; on the eighth day of waiting, hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, he had the gratification to learn that all was well. A group of Parisian capitalists had made the deal (it cost them 250,000 francs to refit her as a passenger carrier and 20,000 francs a month for the charter). And on March 26, 1867, the Great Eastern sailed for New York under the French flag.

Julius Verne, author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Round the World in Eighty Days" and other wonderful scientific romances, was one of her passengers. His account of the trip was published as "The Floating City" soon after he got back home again, and all Paris read and talked about it.

Verne's is an odd and fascinating hodgepodge of fact and fiction. On the factual side he seems chiefly to have been struck by the Great Eastern's immense size, but he was also impressed by a number of other things. On Sunday, for instance, he was astonished to find that instead of beer and biscuits on the lunch trays the stewards brought around there were stacks of Bibles. He was fascinated by the pool organised (by a Canadian, incidentally, whom he calls the Honorable James Rose) to bet on the ship's run. And he was appalled by the example he saw of the monster's crew at work.

As she was getting up anchor at Liverpool a piece of the capstan gear broke. The 90-ton anchor, which was almost out of the water by then, plunged to the bottom of the River Mersey again. The great chain, wound around the capstan drum, set the capstan spinning like a child's top. The flailing bars knocked down all the 54 sailors who were heaving at them, kill-

ing four of them instantly and wounding 12 others badly. One of them died a few days later and was buried at sea.

The voyage itself was uneventful except for a storm in mid-Atlantic which set the ship rolling almost as much as she had done on her memorable fiasco in the Irish Sea. Her speed was wretchedly slow, barely 11 knots, and she was twice overtaken and passed by pert little Cunard liners (one of them unkindly offered her a tow). And on this and the three other runs she made for her French charterers she lost so much money that they went broke halfway through the exposition's season.

She Lays a Line to India

The rest of the Great Eastern's story is quickly told. In the summer of 1869 the receivers in bankruptcy, who were getting good and sick of having such a white elephant on their hands, chartered her to a French telegraph company for laying a cable from Brest to Sydney, Nova Scotia. She did it beautifully. Later the same year she laid another cable with equal success, this time from England to India, and came back to the exasperated receivers again.

In the early 1880's they leased her, after 10 years at anchor, to a man who had her taken up the Mersey and permanently moored in that river near Liverpool, to serve as a floating dance-hall and fun fair.

In 1888 the son of Captain Paton, one of her former commanders, was so outraged at this indignity to his father's ship that he went to the Liverpool City Council and threatened to blow her up with gunpowder if they didn't put a stop to it. The council gave in to him and ordered the lease to clear out within a week. The receivers then sold the ship to ship-breakers for £26,000.

When she was broken up (she was able to travel to the breakers' yard at Harrow-in-Furness under her own steam) the mystery of the vanished riveters was solved at last.

The curse of the Great Eastern had never struck more horribly. Between the inner and outer hulls the breaking crew found two skeletons, their bony hands still clutching at their throats. The men, out of sight in the dark space of the compartment, had been riveted into an airtight iron tomb. ★

Answers to

ASK SANTA THESE

Page 41

1. Because these were the most valuable and most costly gifts obtainable and ones which were customarily presented to kings.
2. Most stories depict Saint Nick as diminutive; this would seem to bear out the "chimney" idea.
3. England. Just prior to the Restoration the Puritans prevailed upon Parliament to prohibit all festivity and to proclaim the day one of fast.
4. Dancer, Venus, Cupid, Blitzen.
5. Clement C. Moore, the author, called it "A Visit From Saint Nicholas."
6. A salutation used when presenting a cup of wine to a guest; also interpreted as a flowing bowl.
7. Little Jack Horner.
8. The gifts presented to the child Jesus by the Magi.
9. Irving Berlin.
10. In the Greek word "Christos," meaning Christ, an "x" is used in place of the first two letters, hence the shortened version of Christmas.
11. United States.
12. Prince Albert.
13. Three: Christmas past, Christmas present, Christmas yet to come.
14. Because in early England the festival was known as "Christes Mass" which means "Christ's Mass."

How I Photographed The Pope

Continued from page 16

males he would say he was also officiating at the first communion of about 30 children of foreign diplomats accredited to the Vatican, among them four of his own nephews. It gave me a feeling I was denying someone else precious time. Of trying to catch serenity in a rush.

I stammered, "The time is very short; it is not enough. But I will try to do my best." I continued: "I was privileged to witness the most glorious ceremony of canonization of Santa Giuseppe Rosello last Sunday. It was there I saw the Holy Father at the altar and I observed certain characteristics and moods of His Holiness. There was a moment, just before lifting the chalice, that His Holiness placed his hands thus (I showed him) lifting his eyes toward Heaven in prayer. This is the attitude I would like to record.

His Holiness listened, and walked to the throne.

I had selected the least ornate of the *prie-dieu* (prayer desk) the preceding day. On this he knelt. Some of the attitudes were right; others had to be abandoned.

I worked feverishly. As I say, I had visualized the ethereal figure of His Holiness in white, surrounded by a group of children kneeling before him. This, of course, was now impossible.

Time stretched beyond the 10 minutes. I was excited, exhausted. But the tense man with the transparent, somehow ethereally strong face said nothing at all. Yet even the movements of his translucent, almost opalescent hands seemed to voice messages. In the silence that was heavy upon us as we worked, those hands impressed me most strongly with the understanding of this moving man.

He appears to have the power of losing himself in the mood of the moment entirely. I spoke once to ask him to give a special prayer for the children of Canada. He lifted up his hands and his eyes and somehow you could see him alone with God, yet with a multitude of children around him.

"I was close to Fainting"

And even while I worried about the light flicking off his thick glasses, and the foreshortening of the figure, my inner mind seemed to be transposed into another world. This to me was his own special quality. This, the wonderful thing one might have been able to record through his most typical, characteristic attitudes—if you had hours in which to do it.

As he complied to the children's prayer he also conveyed he couldn't stay on with me much longer. It was now all of 18 minutes he had remained and the extra minutes had passed with the weight of eternity.

I bowed to indicate that this would be the last shot and I signaled to Monty Everett, my assistant, to get Madame Karsh from the anteroom. It seemed to me too terrible if, after this, she would lose the privilege and opportunity of receiving His Holiness' blessing.

She came in in her black "Vatican dress"—that's what she calls it now—and her black mantilla, and promptly fell on her knees. In her hands she held the *objets de piete* we had bought in the shops of Rome, the medals, pins, crosses, rosaries and images of saints for our friends and relatives. The Pope bent to bless them.

I don't know how I had the presence

of mind left to ask for my wife to be ushered in to meet His Holiness. By now I was very close to fainting. I know only that I felt her arm on my moist back, heard her answering His Holiness for me.

My upset condition must have been evident for I was made to drink a glass of water by His Holiness' personal major domo who had accompanied him. It was then the Pope asked me where I was born.

Stammering, I said, "I am an Armenian citizen, born in Canada." Madame Karsh twisted the statement right about. "A Canadian born in Armenia," she explained.

The Pope, tense, stately, moved away. The questions I had wished to put to him to be included with the published picture were never asked, so never answered.

What in my state of mental turmoil, of perspiring, demanding work did I observe of the man who sits on St. Peter's seat? That he cannot leave you indifferent. That his forehead is deeply lined with furrows of thought.

"You Sense a Dedication"

I first saw him in the immense church of St. Peter's, Madame Karsh and myself crowded among thousands who had come, by invitation, to witness the canonization of a new saint. We had entered by the Porta della Fontana, carrying our tickets, No. 1253 and No. 1254 *gratis*, which docketed us as "special representatives." The invitation was arranged by our own gifted Ambassador to Italy, Jean Deey, when I had remarked that I would very much like to see the Holy Father at some ceremony or other before taking the portrait so as to have an opportunity to study and plan my approach.

His Holiness came heralded by the stirring sound of silver trumpets ringing forth from the dome of Great St. Peter; greeted by a clamor of homage, and cries of "Viva il Papa," "Viva il Papa," repeated again and over again, resounding in wave after wave.

On his *sedes*, borne shoulder high by men of devotion, thus appeared for us the figurehead of the whole Roman Catholic Church. Pius the Twelfth is almost a sublimated being; almost transparent in the way he looks as contrasted to robust men of affairs; yet, underneath you sense a dedication and an intelligence of outstanding quality.

I watched this man, in that ancient, magnificent church, at the altar; at one stage of the mass when a retinue of bearers came forth with "offerings made to the Pope" carrying candles, large loaves of bread on gold and silver trays, two small barrels, one containing wine, the other water, small cages of gold and silver with live turtle doves, pigeons and various small singing birds.

And as, throughout these ceremonies and services, I watched the central figure whose portrait I was to make in a few days, I tried to be strictly truthful with myself. I wanted to make the best and most representative portrait. I tried to analyze him as a man and a human being who would face my camera.

Here was a man of 73 who was working hard for a united world according to the pattern he understood. There was no human frailty evident here, except for his near-sighted eyes which demand thick lenses in his glasses and thus become a terrific problem to photograph. There was—there is no other word for it—an extraordinary sublimation of flesh.

I went back from the church, my mind full of the portraits I wanted to make of this unworldly, yet completely worldly-wise personality. I would



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Our Hush-Hush Censorship

Continued from page 25

are in fact obscene. Any police officer, any private citizen can prosecute the publisher or the bookseller under Section 207 of the Criminal Code, which makes the publication or sale of obscene material a penal offense.

No one has bothered to take any of my 24 specimens into court—they aren't worth it. Their lewd titles and cover designs are mostly a fraud on the prurient and gullible reader, like the barker's description of a sideshow striptease. They are nasty enough (in spite of the most resolute intentions I wasn't able to finish reading any of them) but they're more offensive to taste than to morals.

Obscene or not, though, they are nauseous rubbish, and this brings up another point against our present censorship. Indirectly and unintentionally, but effectively, it tends to discriminate against the serious writer in favor of the hack.

The cheap trash is worth printing in Canada for the people who want such stuff. Most of the serious work is not. It's too expensive; its appeal is too limited.

Of the prohibited books which have any stature as works of art the only one freely available in Canada is "God's Little Acre" by Erskine Caldwell. Among the banned books I happen to have read "God's Little Acre" is the shortest, easiest to read, most popular in its appeal—a Canadian edition of 100,000 is now sold out. It is also, by long odds, the most erotic of the lot. From a censor's point of view it's among the least desirable, but it's the one you can get.

Better books are less fortunate in Canada. Not enough Canadians want, or can afford, the 16 volumes of Burton's "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night." Canada hasn't enough historians or biographers to warrant a local printing of "Chapters From My Diary," by Leon Trotsky. Only the hard-atomached few wish to read William Faulkner's repellent but powerful novel "Sanctuary."

What's the way out of this silly situation?

No country has ever devised an ideal answer, but for Canada the first step is simple: Remove Article 1201 from the Customs Tariff and abandon federal censorship altogether. Article 1201 is as old as Confederation itself; it directs the Minister of National Revenue to exclude anything "treasonable or seditious, or of an indecent or immoral character." That is what creates the absurd distinction between imported and homemade treason, sedition or indecency.

Innocent Till Proved Guilty

Let's avoid, at all costs, the alternative frequently suggested that we replace the existing censors with a board of "qualified people." No one is qualified to be a censor, for censorship itself is an outrage and a contradiction of freedom. The essence of free speech and a free Press is that a man may say what he likes, print what he likes, and then stand responsible for it after it has been uttered.

That is the system we already have in Canada, so far as books of home manufacture are concerned. Publishers of such books can be, and frequently are, prosecuted under Section 207 of the Criminal Code; importers are equally liable.

Perhaps if the Ottawa censor was not there as a convenient whipping-boy—if it was not so much easier to write an indignant letter to Ottawa than to

lay a charge in court—the Criminal Code would be more widely used to stop such pornographic publishing.

Of course, from the viewpoint of those interested in the freedom of expression, a censorship of police court judges is not the best thing in the world either. The governing definition of "obscenity" in courts of the Commonwealth is still the one laid down by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in 1868:

"The test of obscenity is this, whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall."

Strictly applied that rule would purge our libraries of "Othello" and "King Lear," half of Chaucer, most of Fielding and Smollett, and large portions of the Bible. Its saving grace is that it is not, in fact, strictly applied. And its virtue is a cardinal one—it leaves the initiative and the onus of proof on the person who lays the complaint. Our courts must presume that a man or a book is innocent until proved guilty.

Lord Macaulay once remarked, "We find it difficult to believe that in a world so full of temptations as this, any gentleman, whose life would have been virtuous had he not read Aristophanes or Juvenal, will be made vicious by reading them."

An Ally in Ottawa

Last March, in a brilliant judgment acquitting nine well-known books of obscenity charges, Judge Curtis Bok, of Philadelphia, made the same point:

"It is impossible to say what the reader's reactions to a book actually are. If he reads an obscene book when his sensuality is low, he will yawn over it. If he reads the Mechanics Lien Act when his sensuality is high, things will stand between him and the page that have no business there. How can anyone say he will infallibly be affected one way or another by one book or another?"

If Canada depended on courts instead of censors we too might build up a jurisprudence of that character. We have virtually none now, for our Customs Department need give no reasons to anyone, not even Parliament, for its yes and nays.

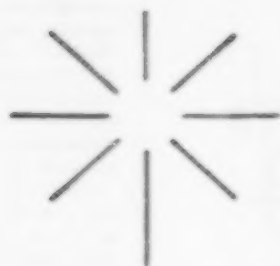
But if Article 1201 were abolished and these issues left to the courts we might find Canadian judges laying down the kind of precedent with which Judge Woolsey, Judge Bok and Judge Learned Hand have fortified the right of free expression in the United States. Canadian lawyers might be able to quote such opinions as the following, from the same Bok judgment:

"In a field where reasonable precision is utterly impossible, I trust people more than I do the law. Legal censorship is not old, it is not popular, and it has failed to strengthen the private censor in each individual that has kept the race as decent as it has been for several thousand years. I regard legal censorship as an experiment of more than dubious value."

To alter Canada's censorship system would be simple enough, but not easy. Our national tendency seems to be the other way.

Most of the mail and all the delegations received by the National Revenue Department clamor for more censorship, not less. But we might make some progress if those who do believe in freedom of expression were to become even half as vocal as those who do not.

They'd have at least one ally. No one would so heartily welcome the abolition of federal censorship as the officials who now carry it out. ★



Christmas is a time of words

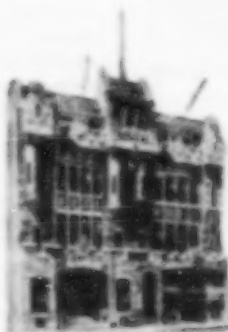
Among other things Christmas is a time of words.

There are words that wish us well, that praise,
that pay compliments and offer thanks for our many blessings.

And there are the words of the young — innocent words,
full of the wonder of the day; and still other words,
spoken over the vast spaces of a continent to waiting loved ones.

And there are words that are oft left unspoken,
words revealed only by a firm handclasp
or a trembling tear; and words too, that remind us
of seasons gone by and of those to come.

And always — as long as time itself — there will be
the familiar words: rich and splendid beyond compare,
words alive forever with warmth and sincerity,
and for which there is no substitute,
words that are the finest of all words at this time . . .
those words which say *Merry Christmas!*



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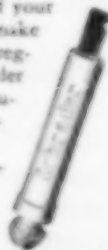


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prepare myself for the occasion in every way I could.

On the Tuesday following the canonization Sunday Madame Karsh and I went to see Count Galeazzi at the Vatican. He met us most cordially. There was an autographed copy of my photograph of Cardinal Spellman on the wall. Galeazzi laughed as he saw me recognize it.

He asked what did I want His Holiness to wear and I said white. I prepared the whole picture in my mind, based on what I had seen at the canonization, hoping to place white-clad children in prayer before him.

But at one point I must have shocked Count Galeazzi. I asked if I could have the loan of a duplicate pair of His Holiness' glasses to place on somebody else's nose so as to get the right lighting effect. The count was gracious but he did not comply.

Then on Wednesday, Monty Everett, my assistant, and I took our cameras, floodlights and other paraphernalia to the Vatican. By now I am quite sure we were recognizable to the men who guard the palace, for there is a very thorough job of scrutinizing and screening done before you are admitted.

We were conducted up modern elevators, down huge corridors where the ceilings were decorated by Michelangelo, past Swiss Guards in their elaborate uniforms (also designed by the same celebrated artist) to that vast Throne Room I had chosen as the scene for the sitting. It would not look crowded with 100 people in it.

There by the two huge windows, which faced the red brocade walls, we practiced the lighting while the Vatican electricians efficiently adjusted the amperage to the required amount. They were accustomed to this sort of work because of the frequent moving pictures taken at the palace when strong lights are also needed.

Excited, Exhausted, Elated

And then came Thursday, the day itself. Madame Karsh, myself in a plain dark suit, Monty Everett and our good guide, a French-Canadian priest attached to the State Department of the Vatican, Father Belair, left the Hotel Ambassador at 6 a.m.

It's a 15-minute drive to Vatican. The guards knew us definitely now. As time grew closer to hand we were informed Father Belair and Madame

Karsh could not remain in the room. We checked all our equipment again. I felt the familiar excitement of the moment of work that must be done, the first time and the only time as well as possible.

And then, as I have said, he came in and I knelt before him.

Always after a sitting I want to talk of it. I am exhausted but I am also elated. I am excited and impatient to see the results. But most of all I just want to talk about it, to go over each moment, each thrill.

Madame Karsh and I were invited to the 8.30 a.m. confirmation mass which was held in the Consistory (turned into a chapel for this occasion) at the Vatican where the Pope would officiate. But first of all I wished to rush to the phone to tell our good friend—who was so fundamentally responsible for arranging the whole thing—Ambassador Desy, that the picture had been taken. Yet even to him I could not speak comprehensibly.

I had, after all, done what I set out from Canada to do. A heart's desire had been fulfilled. The Corpus Christi flags, gaily unfurling from the towers of the Vatican that day, were no more gay than I. ★

The Movies of 1949

Continued from page 23

Night," a hard-boiled yarn about long-haul truckers and their womenfolks, and "The Ox-Bow Incident," a moving and uncompromising study of lynch-mob psychology.

The best of the year's British reissues was "Pygmalion," the 1938 Bernard Shaw comedy starring the late Leslie Howard as a professor of phonetics and Wendy Hiller as the Cockney flower-girl whom he turns into a proper lady.

It was a pretty fair year for good music on the screen. The so-called "longhair" repertoire, rather surprisingly, fared better than the "pops." Canadians in larger centres enjoyed a worthy series of Italian operatic films, some of them several years old but as undated as their best arias. Included were "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville," "Pagliacci," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "L'Elisir d'Amore," the latter carrying the English title "This Wine of Love." Outstanding were tenor Beniamino Gigli, baritone Tito Gobbi, and a superb basso, Italo Tajo. They also introduced a soprano, Nelly Corradi, who is so beautiful and so charming that only a cad would complain seriously about her occasional scrappy top notes.

Sadists Love The Classics

Filmmakers who prefer their music "straight" got a break in "Concert Magic," which had no plot at all. It soberly presented a good 90-minute program of classical music featuring Yehudi Menuhin, violinist; Jakob Gimpel, pianist; Eula Beal, a tall young contralto who looks like Jane Russell; and a symphony orchestra under Antal Dorati.

Eula Beal's eloquent singing of a Bach aria from "The Passion According to St. Matthew," ably abetted by Menuhin and the orchestra, was the finest musical experience offered by the screen during 1949. However, "Concert Magic" deserves censure for timor-

ously sidestepping the challenging field of modern music; all its composers have been dead at least 50 years.

Footnote re music in the movies: Hollywood still can't help feeling that a sadist or a murderer is more understandable if he adores the classics. In "Johnny Allegro," for instance, the villain is George Macready, who shuts his eyes and listens to symphonic records when he isn't butchering his business colleagues with a bow and arrow. It's getting so that a fellow with a taste for Beethoven is in danger of being shadowed by the FBI.

In Canada the energetic National Film Board turned out a lot of good solid work in 1949. A few of the NFB documentaries tended to tell their stories too much in terms of charts, statistics and inanimate things instead of concentrating whenever possible on human beings, but the best of them continue to be as fine as are made anywhere.

Hollywood saluted a saga of Canadian history in "Canadian Pacific." It turned out to be a fair-to-maudlin, run-of-the-range western but didn't come close to fulfilling its own grandiose pretensions as a definitive record of Canadian pioneer achievement.

Two new Hollywood directors, Mark Robson (born Rabinovitch in Montreal) and Ted Tetzlaff, showed much promise in excellent little pictures produced on low budgets with non-celebrity casts. Robson gave us "Roughshod," a better-than-average western, "Champion," the boxing picture mentioned previously, and "Home of the Brave," the first of a meritorious cycle of films attacking prejudice against Negroes.

Tetzlaff, formerly a top cameraman, directed "The Window," a suspenseful story about a small boy who sees a murder being committed but can't convince anybody except the killers that his story is on the level. Bobby Driscoll was an ideal choice for the role of the little hero.

As always, performers in supporting roles often gave more pleasure than the big stars. In two viewings of "The

Fighting O'Flynn," an Irish romp starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr., I was enchanted by a brunette colleen named Fancy Free, played by Patricia Medina. Dancer-comedian Ray Bolger in "Look for the Silver Lining"; Hermione Baddeley as kite-mad Herbert's pie-faced mama in "Quartet"; Jose Ferrer as the subtle Dauphin in "Joan of Arc," and Thelma Ritter as a hard-boiled family servant in "A Letter to Three Wives"—these, to mention only a handful, were among the contributory performances which I, for one, remember with affection.

Disney Back with a Toad

Dipping again into my cornucopia of quotes I submit a weird entry from "Moonrise," the story of a dismal young man (Dane Clark) who is "under a curse" because his father died on the gallows. He bashes his rival's head in with a boulder, snarls and snaps at his tender true love, and almost chokes the life out of a harmless deaf-mute. After all this the lady in the case (Gail Russell) tremulously assures the sheriff: "Inside, he's just gentle and lonely and lost."

Jane Wyman, who was so eloquently silent in "Johnny Belinda," returned to the sound track in "Kim in the Dark." The results were not exactly felicitous. For example, in defining the word "propinquity," bare-legged Wyman remarks to concert pianist David Niven:

"Propinquity. It means—you know—nearness? Like—uh—two people seeing a lot of each other. He looks at her and says, 'Some dish!' She looks at him and says, 'Some drip!' Then they go on from there."

Walt Disney, who at his best is one of the authentic creative talents in the field of entertainment for the millions, had a somewhat uneven year. But with "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad" (no humans at all) released late in the year, Disney gave us the best thing he has done since 1942's "Bambi."

The funniest piece of purely "visual" *Continued on page 48*

WATCH FOR MACLEAN'S MID-CENTURY REVIEW, JAN. 1

hand's last supper with the rat poison was "just plain silly." She explained that she had put the poison in a bottle and had placed the bottle in the bathroom cabinet. On the fatal night, she said, her husband had taken his regular dose of fruit salts for his bad stomach immediately after supper. She had inadvertently placed the bottle of poison beside the fruit salts bottle—which it closely resembled—and her husband must have taken the strychnine by mistake.

She had not thought of that at the time, she said, because she had thought her husband's fatal attack was due to his old stomach ailment. She later had used the rest of the poison to kill rats but did not notice that any was missing. She had thrown the empty bottle into the garbage because she thought it would be dangerous to use again.

A Sentence Is Translated

Then Rivard asked her if she remembered the conversation described by the boarder.

"Yes, very well," she replied. The jurors looked surprised.

"And did you say what he has quoted you as saying?" Rivard pressed.

"Yes, I said those words." The crown prosecutor began to grin—until she added, "Only I did not say exactly what he says I said."

"Then what exactly did you say?" Rivard asked. The jury leaned forward.

"I said, 'The people around here talk too much. It looks like there's going to be trouble because they say I poisoned my husband.'"

"Then how do you explain your boarder's version?"

"Well, he's French and neither speaks nor understands English well. I spoke in English and he either misunderstood me or missed the 'they say.'"

"Then the whole affair of your husband's death was just an unfortunate accident, and the boarder's translation of your conversation just a natural mistake?"

"Yes, it could have happened to anyone."

There Rivard rested his case. He was convinced the verdict would be acquittal.

In his final remarks the judge instructed the jurors to pay particular attention to the boarder's version of the conversation, which, if true, was a confession of murder by the defendant who, he pointed out, had admitted to the conversation and to the principal words quoted. Further, he made it clear that for his part he could not conceive how a Canadian who was well educated (the boarder had two years' high school) and who knew and understood any English at all could possibly have missed or misunderstood the simple words "they say."

A Stuffed Rat in Court

It took the jury of Roberval citizens less than 10 minutes to find Emily Gallop guilty. She was sentenced to hang.

Rivard took the case to the Court of Appeals, charging that the judge's remarks to the jury had been prejudiced against the defendant. The Appeal Court judges ordered a new trial. (Rivard has won more than 2,500 appeals because of the inadmissibility of judges' remarks.)

At the second trial a year later Rivard managed to get three English-speaking jurors sworn. The trial paralleled the first one, but the hostility of the residents of the district to Mrs. Gallop was more evident.

This time the jury was out for more than a week. Finally the foreman reported that they were unable to reach a verdict.

Rivard immediately demanded that the third trial be held in Quebec City before a Quebec judge. He charged that the entire Roberval district was prejudiced against his client. His request was granted, but the third trial in Quebec a year later before eight Canadian and four Canadian jurors ended suddenly when on the last day the judge fell seriously ill.

The fourth murder trial of Emily Gallop took place in Quebec in the autumn of 1927 before Chief Justice Sir Francois Lemieux and a jury that was evenly divided as to language. The trial was a little different from the first three, the Crown laying even greater stress on the conversation between the accused woman and her lover. Then Rivard, on the last day of the trial, suddenly pulled a surprise move on the prosecution.

He recalled the Canadian boarder to the stand and confronting him with an imposing array of French and English professors, all experts on languages and translation. They tested the witness' English-into-French translating ability, and in practically every test he missed simple words, including, on one occasion, "they say."

The crown prosecutor claimed the tests were tricky and designed to confuse the witness. He tried to dismiss the whole incident as nothing but a smoke screen to obscure the real issues. But the fact that he had previously laid such stress on the witness' ability to translate "they say" had materially weakened his case.

Rivard's final address to the jury was the climax of the case and it established him as an orator of exceptional and versatile ability. It ran the full gamut of the emotions. He bubbled with exuberant confidence, roared with righteous indignation, scornfully attacked the prosecution's case with rapier-pointed sarcasm, heaped vitriolic abuse on the Roberval gossip-mongers, emotionally painted a pathetic portrait of his client as the innocent victim of vicious rumors, and at other times had the jury laughing at his jokes.

Case of the Weeping Wife

He rolled his eyes, flailed the air with his arms, waggled his finger, and bounced like a rubber ball. At one point he dramatically waved a stuffed and somewhat moth-eaten rat (caught by the pest exterminator in the Gallop house four years before) under the jurors' noses.

Rivard's summation in the Gallop case has been described as "a one-man four-ring circus." It lasted four hours and 23 minutes, and when it was over the little lawyer looked as fresh as when he had begun. But the jury looked exhausted. It took them less than an hour to return a verdict of acquittal.

From the Gallop case Rivard went on to more and bigger triumphs. He reached his peak, numerically at least, in 1944 which he says was his "lucky year." That year he fought 380 cases (123 of them in civil courts) and won 324 of them. In 1944 he defended in seven murder trials in succession and won seven acquittals.

He is fond of talking about his cases and of the methods which have made him successful.

"Do you know what it takes to make a great criminal lawyer?" he will say, leaning forward in his swivel chair and jabbing at a visitor with his black horn-rimmed spectacles.

"It takes psychology, acting ability and a little law. A civil court case is all logic and law, but a criminal case

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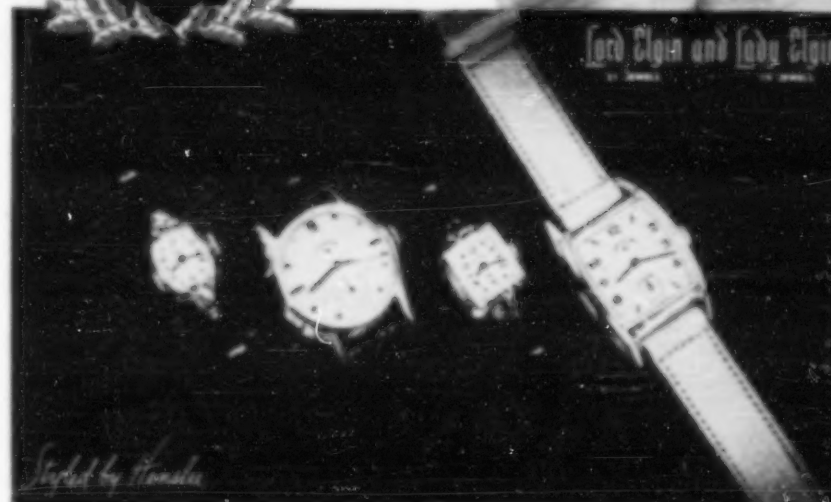
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Continued from page 66

comedy, in the style of the old silent movies, was the one involving Red Skelton's efforts to mount a polo pony in "Neptune's Daughter." A fat woman sitting near me laughed so hard she had to be assisted out by usherettes, presumably to recover from the painful stitch in her side.

In "Let's Live a Little," which was not a particularly good comedy, there was one amusing bit presenting she-wolf Anna Sten and reluctant Robert Cummings on the dance floor.

"Hold me tighter, dar-leugh!" says the lady. Mr. C. replies grimly, "If I hold you any tighter I'll be dancing in back of you."

Purists who deplore the bad grammar frequently used on the screen must have shuddered after hearing one incredible line uttered in "The Sun Comes Up" by Claude Jarman, Jr., appearing as a teen-age rube whose conversation makes Mortimer Snerd sound like a Foreign Office diplomat. Says young Jarman to Lassie, the intellectual collie: "Don't you never go near no snake, nobow, on no account!" The dog, I still swear, actually looks embarrassed.

Along with several pretty fair westerns on conventional lines Hollywood produced a couple of burlesques in the same field. The funniest by a wide

margin was "The Paleface," featuring Bob Hope as a nervous dentist among the bad men and Jane Russell as a gal with a gat in her garter. "The Kissing Bandit," starring Frank Sinatra, had a few sly touches but seemed pale and puny beside the Hope effort.

In the department of nostalgia a lot of people suddenly felt a lot older when they saw Leatrice Joy as a wrinkled granny in "Red Stallion in the Rockies." It was the first film role in 17 years for the former romantic star of the silent screen. Madeleine Carroll, still beautiful and charming, returned after six years in "Don't Trust Your Husband," but it turned out to be a strained and hollow comedy unworthy of her talents.

The year's most joyous reunion, seemingly to themselves and assuredly to the public, was that of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, dancing and singing together again after a 10-year separation. They appeared in "The Barkleys of Broadway" and managed to triumph over its irritatingly silly story.

Purely personal addendum: In a Vancouver movie house one day last March somebody gave me a successful hotfoot. I am reasonably certain that the culprit was a nearby urchin with an elaborately innocent demeanor, rather than the theatre manager. ★

The Case of the Beauty and the Boarder

Continued from page 15

that there had been foul play were heard hundreds of miles away in Provincial Police headquarters in Quebec City.

In New Brunswick the dead man's brother was also suspicious. The day after Gallop died he had received a large package in the mail from Mrs. Gallop. The package contained strychnine. In an accompanying note Emily explained that the poison was for a fur-hunting trip the Gallops planned to make to New Brunswick.

When Gallop's brother opened the package he found the strychnine packed in 12 small sealed cartons of uniform size. He noticed that the seal on one of the boxes was broken; it was also lighter than the rest. He looked inside. It was half empty.

The day Emily arrived in New Brunswick her brother-in-law put in a long-distance call to the Quebec Provincial Police.

He Hits the Headlines

In Roberval the police talked to the doctor who had signed Gallop's death certificate. He admitted that Gallop's symptoms could have been caused by strychnine poisoning, but said that he had not been suspicious because he knew that for years Gallop had been suffering from stomach trouble.

That night the police quietly exhumed Gallop's body for autopsy. Traces of strychnine were found in the stomach. The homicide squad traced the purchase of a large amount of strychnine on the day of the death to Mrs. Gallop.

The day after she and the boarder returned to Roberval, Emily Gallop was arrested and charged with the murder of her husband. At that point, Rivard, a young and untried lawyer, hundreds of miles away in Quebec City, entered the case.

It was certainly a baptism of fire for Rivard. He came up against two of the foremost crown prosecutors of that day—Lucien Cannon (later a

Superior Court justice), and Arthur Fitzpatrick (later a judge of the Sessions of the Peace), son of the late Sir Charles Fitzpatrick then a Supreme Court chief justice. But Rivard had the benefit of wise and experienced counsel for he was associated with Allyn Taschereau, at that time Quebec's leading criminal lawyer.

The trial of Emily Gallop was held in Roberval in the autumn of 1923 before a Canadian judge and jury. It lasted three weeks.

The highlight of the crown prosecutor's case came when he put the Canadian boarder on the stand. The boarder admitted that he had been Emily's lover and testified that the day before she was arrested she had told him in English, "The people around here talk too much. It looks like there's going to be trouble because I poisoned my husband."

This development took Rivard by surprise, but even in those early days he had the ability to mask his feelings. With a great display of confidence he began his defense, the feature of which was the testimony of pretty Emily Gallop herself.

Rivard still refers to her as the best witness he ever put on the stand. "She was three whole, grueling days in the box," he says, "and every minute of the time she was the perfect witness. She was sure of herself, never got upset, and was as easy to listen to as look at. She was never trapped or even ruffled by cross-questioning. And, most important, she had a plausible answer to everything."

Emily Gallop readily admitted every fact the prosecution had brought out: her quarrels with her husband; her affair with the boarder; her purchase of the strychnine. She said she bought it to use on a hunting trip and admitted that before she had sent it on to her brother-in-law she had taken out some to kill rats.

When the prosecutor said he doubted very much if there were any rats in the Gallop house Rivard scored a point by calling a professional pest exterminator he had secretly sent to the house. The man produced eight rats which he swore he had trapped there.

Mrs. Gallop said that the Crown's allegation that she had laced her hus-

We Went Baby-Hunting In the Arctic

Continued from page 9

But traveling and living among the Eskimos were the big attractions of the trip. I met a grizzled medicine man, one of the few leaders left who knows how to make a *kudle* (stone lamp) or a bow from musk-ox horns. I met a tattooed lady living contentedly with two quite amicable husbands. I won the respect of at least one Eskimo guide and hunter to the point where he offered to lend me his wife—I didn't take him up.

I watched little Eskimo children crawl out from under their mothers' parkas to play naked about the igloo, already well inducted into a society in which man has learned how to adapt himself almost perfectly to his environment.

I saw an ancient widow accepting the consequences of that environment as simply as the children, following the death of her husband. She sat alone in her icy igloo, immobile, expressionless, the flesh lying loosely over her old bones. Her untended *kudle* showed only the tiniest spark of light, as both she and the lamp waited patiently for life to flicker out.

Starting out, I flew into Coppermine, 100 miles north of the Arctic circle and 1,000 miles almost due north of Edmonton early in January of this year. Coppermine doesn't see a plane a month so the entire population—about 16 white people and as many Eskimos—welcomed us.

A native woman there made me a complete outfit of caribou, first tirelessly scraping (and sometimes chewing) the skins to soften them up for sewing. Altogether 14 skins were needed for my complete wardrobe, plus a sleeping bag. As finally garbed to conform to the best Arctic fashion I wore long underwear, an inner pair of caribou pants and parka with the fur turned inside, then another pair of pants and outer parka with fur outward. (Incidentally, parka is an Alutian Eskimo word and is not used by the NWT Eskimos. They call the inner hooded garment *artiggi* and the outer garment *hudek*.)

Kamingoak Had a Komatik

I hired an Eskimo named Peter Kamingoak as my guide, he to provide a good komatik (sled), an 11-dog team and food for his dogs. For this I agreed to pay him \$10 a day on an each-way basis. By the end of the trip I had put \$550 in Peter's account with the Hudson's Bay Company.

I paid \$70 for my fur clothing and, all in all, the actual trip cost me about \$1,250. Add in air travel to and from Toronto, photographic supplies and other items, and my private Arctic expedition ran to more than \$2,000.

Before Constable Connick could set out he had to get his baking done: 350 biscuits, 220 doughnuts and 20 plates of beans, all fast-frozen by the simple process of shoving them outside. Besides this we bought a great deal of food for we would have to feed not only our own party but be prepared to swap delicacies with the local population.

Special Constable Noel Avadluk, Connick's regular guide, interpreter, stool pigeon and handy man, made up our party of four. A 40-year-old Eskimo named Jimmy also started out with us, but he had his own six-dog team.

The dogs caught the excitement of our last-minute packing and when the clear brittle-cold morning of our departure arrived they howled in their

eagerness to get going. Our two teams each had a 1,500-pound load on an 18-foot sled, plus two men.

The sleds shot away as the Eskimos cracked their whips over the teams, and there was great laughter by our guides as Connick and I scrambled to get aboard the fast-starting komatiks. A few days before Dick had been tumbled headlong from his sled—and there's nothing like a pratfall to amuse an Eskimo, who has a sense of humor worthy of old-time burlesque. Once on my earlier trip to the Eastern Arctic I was the victim of a fast getaway and before we could resume the journey we had a 10-minute delay while my guide wowed his friends with repeated demonstrations of how his white man had (yakety yak) backflipped into a snowbank.

"Lost" in the Frozen Waste

The dogs settled down to a steady 4 m.p.h. pull, heading inland and roughly southeast. The land was windwept and featureless, except where broken by gulleys—shallow cuts usually, but sometimes dropping away in a sheer cliff to the bed of some unnamed frozen river.

After a time the snow thinned out and Avadluk had to shout sharp commands at his lead team to keep the sleds clear of rocks and patches of frozen ground which the wind had swept bare. Wooden sled runners are always "muddled"—given a two-inch layer of ice-coated mud, or cooked oatmeal; if a chunk is knocked off the break must be shaved smooth immediately and "remuddled" that night.

As long as the going was smooth we rode the sleds sidesaddle, facing away from the wind. When the dogs hit heavier going we'd jump off and run; sometimes we'd run just to get warm.

There is an element of danger for the new chum. In poor visibility you may be caught by surprise when the team goes rushing down an unexpected slope, and if the sled threatens to roll over you must leap clear or run the risk of being dragged. A missionary I met once went on a short trip by himself during which his lead dog broke out of harness. When he left the sled to try and catch the lead dog the rest of the team promptly took off into the distance. The weather closed in and he wandered about for two days, completely lost, before a search party found him.

Along about noon that first day the sun, which by now would roll along the edge of the southern horizon for about four hours of the 24, was blotted out by driving snow and we wandered blindly up a dead-end gully. Natives and Mountie got their heads together.

It's an experience, the first time you realize you're lost somewhere in the Northwest Territories. You're lost—and every adventure story you've ever read warns you to watch yourself—it's at times like these men panic!

Instead of which Jimmy let out a whoop, hurled himself at a smooth icy slope and went whizzing down head first on his back, coasting with the innocent abandon of a potbellied gent on a convention far from home. A moment later we were all doing it, and in 10 minutes everybody was too winded to worry about being lost.

The storm continued and we camped early. Watching a pair like Dick Connick and Noel Avadluk make camp is to see professionals at work. Dick runs out the dog lines, anchors it at both ends, unhitches the dogs and secures them to the line; then he straightens out the harness. Noel pitches the canvas tent and digs away the snow inside the door to a depth of a foot or so and perhaps a third of the

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a vision of God's judgment

But rather than leading us to the irrevocable judgment of our Creator. Nor does it bring us a second chance to prove ourselves or to amend our erring ways. In our own hands rests the opportunity... and upon our own heads the responsibility... to determine if death shall be the threshold to everlasting life among the blessed, or among the lost.

All we know about God's eternal plans for us... all we know about what lies beyond the grave... comes from the God Who made us and to the extent He has seen fit to reveal it to us.

But we can face eternity without fear. For we do have a definite answer to the mystery of death. With the facts God has put at our disposal through the inspired books of the Old and the New Testaments the Catholic Church always has given, and gives today, a definite answer to the tremendously important questions raised by the fact of death.

Man's life in this world, the Church tells us, is a preparation for the world to come... a testing-time which ends with our death. What happens after that depends on whether death finds us loyal to God, or opposed to Him and the way He expects us to live. "...it is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment" (Heb. IX:27).

Men blessed by youth and good health often feel that death for them is far away—something to be worried about only in the twilight years. Some scoff at the suggestion that an everlasting hell could be permitted by a merciful God. Others seem to think that God will treat them kindly if they live reasonably moral lives, even though they pay Him no special honor which is His due.

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is 10% law and 90% mob psychology. I say mob psychology because in a criminal case the lawyer does not plead to the judge but to the jury of 12—and you know, three's a crowd.

"A criminal defense lawyer starts his plea to the jury the moment he enters the courtroom by the way he enters. His conduct throughout the trial is part of his plea. He can appear sore, for instance, but he must never really lose his temper. At the outset he must immediately attract attention and hold it. He must be the pivot about which the trial revolves.

Courtroom is a Theatre

...let the jurors guess in
...defense will be
...what
...not
...up his
...their interest.

A great criminal lawyer must be an actor. He must use tragedy sparingly and know when and how to use it. And, above all, he must be a good comedian. I think a lawyer, before he studies law, should study under a great actor as did the great lawyers of France a century ago.

To understand Rivard's position in Quebec it is necessary to understand the personality of the Canadian. He is more interested in court cases than his fellow Canadians. He follows crime news with avid attention and prefers, if possible, to be on hand in the courtroom. (Even for minor theft cases Quebec courtrooms are jam-packed.) He is more easily moved to tears and to hostility (as in the Guay case where an angry crowd threatened to lynch the accused).

To the Canadian the courtroom is a theatre where real people enact real drama. In this theatre he appreciates a talented performance. Rivard has never let him down.

One of Rivard's murder trials, "the Case of the Weeping Wife," illustrates the point.

Early in 1944 a young family man named Plante was charged with killing a friend at a riotous Mardi Gras party by beating him over the head with an axe. Several prosecution witnesses were later to testify that they had witnessed the crime. Rivard undertook to defend him. The only defense he had was sentiment.

Rivard's client was what he calls "a sympathetic character." Plante was young, handsome, had a good job and an excellent reputation. He also had a beautiful young wife and two young children. The victim, on the other hand, had been a bachelor of rather unsavory reputation.

From Tears, an Acquittal

When the trial opened in Beauce Rivard knew that he could not put Plante on the stand. In the first place, he stuttered badly; in the second place, he would make what Rivard calls "damaging admissions." So, instead, he put Plante's pretty wife in the witness box, as his main witness.

She did not say a word. She simply wept. When Rivard asked her questions such as, "Did not the dead man make improper advances to you?" and "Did not the dead man pick a fight with your husband?" she did not admit or deny. She only cried more.

When the crown prosecutor tried to browbeat her into talking on cross-questioning she wept louder than ever, which put that embarrassed and exasperated man in a bad light with the jury.

Rivard backed up Mrs. Plante's "testimony" with a series of emotional character witnesses and an impassioned, heart-rending address, during which copious tears rolled down his fat round cheeks.

The jury tearfully acquitted Plante. A few days later the victim's brother told a lawyer friend of Rivard's in Quebec: "I went to the trial sure that the man who killed my brother would hang. I wanted him to hang. But as soon as I heard that bright, young so-and-so (Rivard) speaking, I knew he'd get off. Why, he had the spectators, the witnesses, the jury and even the judge crying all through the trial. And do you know what? I was crying with them!"

Although he won Plante's acquittal with sentiment only, and against the undeniable fact that Plante had killed the man, Rivard is firmly convinced that the verdict was not only just but the best possible one that could have been returned. He points out that the Plante family have since been happy, model citizens.

"If that young fellow had hanged or gone to jail what would have happened to his young wife and his children?" he asks.

Rivard's ability to weep in court, to have his witnesses weep and to make the spectators and jury weep as well was never put to better test than it was in what is now known as "the Case of the Seduced Servant," a dramatic trial which was more than usually lachrymose.

Would a Banker Cry

This was another case in which Rivard knew he must rely only on sentiment for his defense. He had fought to get what he calls "cheap men who cry easily" on the jury. Eleven were men of poor or moderate income. All of them had daughters the age of the defendant. But with juror No. 12, Rivard had difficulties. He had used up all his pre-emptory challenges in the selection of the first 11 and the crown prosecutor managed to get a prominent banker on the panel.

Rivard felt that the banker, a hard-headed businessman, was not one to

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cry easily. He need not have worried. As it turned out juror No. 12 wept so much during the three days of the trial that he was ill for two weeks afterward—a somewhat extreme tribute to Rivard's oratorical ability.

The case was won finally by a superb bit of courtroom drama and theatrical timing which resulted in one of the shortest summaries on record—a 58-word speech to the jury that turned the tables on the prosecution and saved his client from the noose.

(In the third and final part of the Rivard story, in the next issue of Maclean's, Frank Hamilton recounts the "Case of the Seduced Servant." This installment will also explain Rivard's political position in Quebec.) ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

arrest a Newfoundland customs inspector, at pistol point, for carrying out his duty on a public highway. The customs officer sued him for damages and won his case; neither Prenoveau nor the U. S. Air Force would pay the \$100 damages awarded and there seemed to be no way Canada could enforce the judgment of the Newfoundland Supreme Court.

United States civilian authorities in Newfoundland, in Ottawa and in Washington were strongly opposed to the Air Force attitude in this matter, and had been putting severe pressure on the Air Force for many months to pay up. Last month, the Air Force paid.

• • •

Hon. Brooke Claxton's announcement that Canada is building some early warning (radar) stations, of Canadian manufacture, set off reports of a "radar screen across the Arctic." (One American radio commentator said "Canada is making new preparations against radar attacks.")

Actually, a radar screen of effective density would cost more than the total Canadian budget. Even the United States couldn't afford it; no one is attempting it. Mr. Claxton's White Paper revealed that radar stations cost anywhere from \$2½ millions to \$3½ millions apiece and that the total 1949 budget for all electronic equipment is \$19 millions. Guessing that radar would account for half, at most, of the army's electronic gear, that means a maximum of three or four radar stations. A "radar screen" would call for a station every 150 to 200 miles across 4,000 miles of frozen north.

American and Canadian defense people are both marking time, waiting for the research experts to come up with something better than radar to warn them of aerial attacks. The early warning devices now known were adequate in World War II to protect a small densely populated country like Britain. They are not adequate for such an extended front as our Arctic—the burden of maintaining them would be even greater than that of the Maginot Line on France. Range is too short; too many stations needed.

Meanwhile, all we can do is spend whatever we think we can afford, and hope we are spending it in the right places.

• • •

Simion Shcherbatykh, the quiet amiable chap who has represented Russia's Tass News Agency in the Parliamentary Press Gallery for the past three years, has gone back to Moscow.

In a way we in the gallery were all sorry to see him go, for everybody liked Sim. He was a Communist, I suppose, but only in the vague hereditary sort of way that many of the rest of us are Christians—it didn't show in his conduct or conversation. He didn't talk much (even if he'd had more English, it isn't healthy for a Russian to be too friendly with foreigners) but in his quiet way he was a good egg.

Personally, that is. Professionally, he was a liability. There isn't much point in an "off-the-record" press conference when the representative of a hostile power is sitting there taking notes. Also, we'd already learned that even a man who seems to be a good egg may be a dangerous character.

Tass first turned up in the Press Gallery seven years ago, when the Russians were still our Glorious Allies. They sent two men—Nicholas Zhivay-

nov, tallish and fair and quiet; Nicolai Afanasiev, squat and dark and ebullient. We dubbed them Big Nick and Little Nick, and made them both welcome. For a long while they spoke no English; used to sit uncomprehending in the gallery for hours on end, and then come out and play interminable games of chess with each other. Eventually they learned the language (Little Nick even studied French) and mixed with the boys a little more, but they never talked much about the life back home.

Toward the end of 1945 Big Nick disappeared—recalled to Moscow, we heard. Then the Royal Commission on Espionage made its report, and we learned that Big Nick had been a Russian spy.

Little Nick was still here, and nobody took it out on him; he was still warmly greeted, still drank people down at Press Gallery parties. But we didn't talk to him quite so much, and the weekly press conference at External Affairs became less interesting. When Sim came along and Nick went back to Moscow, the situation was the same—we liked Sim, but we didn't tell him anything.

Meanwhile trouble developed on another front. The Press Gallery had acquired a representative of the Communist paper, The Canadian Tribune. Items kept cropping up in the Communist press both here and abroad that sounded very like off-the-record remarks dropped at gallery press conferences.

Finally the issue came to a head when the Tribune quoted Mike Pearson as saying something he had never said at any time, something to the effect that the Atlantic Pact was just a gangup on the Soviet Union. Unhappily for its own reputation, the Press Gallery expelled Mark Frank, the Tribune representative, without even giving him a hearing—it turned out later that he hadn't written the story in question, had in fact been out of town when it appeared.

The home-grown Communist was out; the imported variety was still here. Mike Pearson's press conferences became more and more innocuous; finally, some months ago, they stopped altogether. Reporters began to discuss quite seriously, over morning coffee in the parliamentary cafeteria, the advisability of retaining Sim Shcherbatykh as a Press Gallery member.

There was ground for expelling him that hadn't existed before. Some months ago Tass was sued for libel in England. The suit was thrown out on the ground that Tass was the agency of a foreign government therefore entitled to diplomatic immunity.

That status was a help in winning the libel suit but not in acquiring membership in the Press Gallery. Agencies of government, domestic or foreign, are not eligible. Sim Shcherbatykh's successor, if he has one, will have a little trouble getting past the membership rules.

• • •

In the debate on the Combines Act amendments, Conservative John Diefenbaker was lambasting the Government for its breach of the law by suppressing the McGregor report on the flour millers. Diefenbaker was the last man to override the law. Parliament so grossly had been Charles I, who lost his head for it.

CCF'er Stanley Knowles interjected: "And that Stuart didn't do it again."

Stuart Garson, the Minister of Justice who must take the major responsibility for this defiance of the law, looked up and grinned. But to Knowles' intense disgust, nobody else in the House noticed his neat play on the name of the two exalted lawbreakers. ★

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way back. The raised part will be our sleeping bench, across which caribou skins are spread and four sleeping bags unrolled, feet to the back of the tent.

While Noel throws the dogs frozen fish and beef tallow we pull off our outer fur parkas and leave them rolled up outside the tent. The snow would melt on them, inside, and the wet fur freeze hard before morning.

Inside the tent we perch Eskimo fashion, side by side on the bench, while Dick pumps up our two primus stoves and melts some ice with which to restore dehydrated soup to some semblance of the original article. Second course: Dick's fast-frozen beans heated in the skillet. Dessert: Hard-tack with frozen butter and tacky jam—all washed down with hot tea.

That first night I tried to follow the others in getting my clothes off as quickly as possible without scattering snow about. In underwear and socks I crawled feet first into my caribou fur sleeping bag, which in turn was inside my eiderdown bag and this in turn inside a canvas wrapper. And I was just as cold as you'd expect to be inside a canvas tent at 60 below. But in two minutes I was as warm as I've been under an electric blanket in a steam-heated penthouse. In three I was matching snoring with Avadluk, Kamingsoak and Connick of the Mounted.

Some days we would cover perhaps 35 or 40 miles, others (usually due to bad weather) only 12. One afternoon we dropped downhill out of the squat September Mountains to the camp of Koikhok, Eskimo man of distinction.

Koikhok is a small, wrinkled Eskimo with long black hair, steel-grey eyes and a bristly stubble. Generally, Eskimo eyes are almost jet-black, their faces all but hairless; which suggests that Koikhok may claim among his unknown ancestors a member of Franklin's or some other early expedition. Yet it is to Koikhok that many other Eskimos come to ask advice about the migration routes of the caribou. Sometimes they call him medicine man.

When I expressed an interest in Eskimo drums Koikhok happily agreed to stretch a caribou skin on an oval frame. He worked stripped to the waist, his lank hair dancing about his face and casting strange shadows in the light of the caribou-fat lamp (see photo page 9). Then he beat the drum with a wild rhythm to which another Eskimo performed a hunting dance.

Divide Up the Children

Connick and I visited 10 native camps between Coppermine and Bathurst Inlet. The Mountie is still the long arm of the law, but more and more he is becoming the long arm of Ottawa, patrolling the Arctic armed with a loaded brief case.

At each stop every Eskimo in camp jammed into the leader's tent or snow-house, each grinning his welcome to the Mountie from a distance of about six inches. Connick told them they must come to Coppermine to be X-rayed. He handed out plastic identification disks. He asked about game conditions (it was a bad year for Arctic fox) and warned about game laws (Eskimos must not kill musk-ox horns I saw the animals must drop dead as obligingly as schmoos). He settled trapline disputes. He registered births, marriages and deaths.



Keeping track of births for family-allowance purposes is a constant headache. Mary Panik may obviously be pregnant, but return later and you'll find the new baby peeking from the parka of the woman in the next igloo. Why? Mary already has three children and the other woman none. To Eskimos, who love their children but lack our intense sense of possession, it makes good sense to divide up the children—and the work.

But the baby bonus has really altered Eskimo society by giving girl babies equal value with boys. Females, being the harder sex, normally come to outnumber the males in most societies, a problem which the Eskimo used to solve by exposing some infant girls to the Arctic elements. White authority is very pleased that the family allowance has put an end to this custom, but trouble of a different kind may develop as the grown women begin to outnumber the men.

Spinsterhood, the inevitable result of this condition in the rest of Canada, would strike any Eskimo as silly. Already he sometimes venos his white fathers by wife trading, although an obstetrician would admit that for two childless couples to swap mates makes good biological sense. So thanks to the baby bonus the luckless Mounties may before long be ordered to crack down on a northern bigamy crime wave.

In fact, you come to consider the Eskimo exceedingly tolerant of the many ways in which white man's meddling upsets his balance of life. After Connick and I parted at Bathurst Inlet I spent three days storm-bound in the only "settlement" between Bathurst and Perry River, 250 miles east. This was the two-igloo camp of an Eskimo named Ikhik.

Ikhik was about the same calibre man as my friend Koikhok.

But Ikhik's two sons were something else again. They did not know how to build a snowhouse. One had some traps, but had caught no foxes all season. Instead of furs one wore a cast-off

morning coat above torn drill pants. They could hardly even speak Eskimo.

Ikhik's sons had been away at mission school. They had swapped their Eskimo heritage for a stilted English vocabulary, some white man's schooling and a pair of Christian names. And in their own land they are useless.

Commentary to a Strip

Five of us—Ikhik, his wife and a young child; my guide Peter Kamingsoak and I—shared the sleeping bench in one igloo. Finding yourself one of a happy Eskimo family is a bit of a shock at first, but you become used to it surprisingly fast. For instance, my reaction when the three Ikhiks stripped to the skin before diving between the caribou skins was simply admiration for their hardiness.

But as Kamingsoak followed suit he offered a lewd running commentary to the whole business. The Ikhiks looked both mystified and uncomfortable, but I felt even worse because Peter had to use mostly English words to convey what he meant.

Kamingsoak was a capable guide and for the most part good company—except when he was acting the part of the city slicker from Coppermine to impress the inland Eskimos. After a few days' stay at Perry River (where the native trader, able to copy English but unable to understand it, once ordered three boxes of "This side up, Made in Canada") my spirits dropped as we approached the end of our trek at Cambridge Bay.

I knew that white men's talk would sound shrill and excited, that radios in the RCAF station would blare the news of a raucous world. But Kamingsoak urged the dogs forward, obviously eager to bask in the bright lights again.

And louder than ever rose his sliding song—a barbaric chant which had threatened throughout our trip to drive me mad—consisting of endless choruses of "Jingle Bells" punctuated by piercing screams of "Heigh-O Silver!" ★

THE CENTURY'S FEATS AND FUTURES, MACLEAN'S JAN. 1

any dentist's chair is mental rather than physical. And, too, he was one of the early dentists to use a local anesthetic. This was cocaine, which preceded novocaine, and froze the gums in a similar if less efficient manner. He and druggist George Mallory had experimented with cocaine at St. Martins after Parker read a scientific paper about the drug. ("We practiced on a dog named Toby to see if it would kill him. Toby didn't bark or bite, and he showed no ill effects, so we guessed humans would survive too.")

Cocaine didn't always work but when it failed Parker had music to fall back on if he was pulling teeth in public. If the patient screamed the cornet player tooted like mad and the drummer almost beat the head off the drum.

When he set out from Hampton to make his fortune Parker was preceded by an advance man whose task was to paste up posters and otherwise publicize the approach of The Great Dentist. He was accompanied by a dental mechanic whose duties included playing the trumpet and banjo.

Parker was licensed to practice in New Brunswick but not in other provinces. He had frequent brushes with the law, sometimes had to hide to escape arrest, and saw the inside of several jails. He went broke, but never for long. ("There's one thing about being broke, when you're hungry your dome starts to work magnificently.")

On his 21st birthday he was in Victoria, B.C., and he had an urge to settle down. He rented an office, persuaded a sign painter to paint him "a modest little sign just about two and a half feet long" in exchange for dentistry. He hadn't even hung the sign when the first patient arrived.

Tooth Jerker in Sitka

("He said, 'Are you Dr. Parker?' I said, 'Most assuredly, sir,' and went to work on him. When I got through he showed his badge of authority and said, 'You are not registered to practice in British Columbia. You will have to come with me.' Now, there was my new sign, leaning against the wall. I'd been to sea enough to know that if I draped it around his ears with sufficient force he'd go out like a light. So that was what I did. Now, unfortunately, Victoria is on an island, so I was picked up and tossed in the cooler. But, fortunately, the judge and the police captain turned out to be distant relatives of mine and helped me get out. So then I went north. In 1892 and 1893 I was the chief tooth jerker in Sitka when it was the capital of Southern Alaska. And what a hole it was then.")

Parker's parents moved from New Brunswick to Brooklyn and he visited them there in 1896 and that's where he met his wife. The manner in which they met is typical of the way things have happened to Painless Parker.

He had invested in a cornet with the idea that if he learned to play this he could avoid the expense of hiring a trumpeter when he wanted to attract patients. His bride-to-be, who lived across the street from his parents, was a serious pianist and the brass discord of the novice distracted her. ("Frances knocked on the door and said to my sister, 'Who's making that hideous noise?' My sister said, 'That's my brother, Painless Parker.' That was in May. In August I gave up the cornet and Frankie and I were married.")

They honeymooned in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In Moncton Parker replenished his exchequer with street-corner dentistry. But his license to practice in New Brunswick had expired and he had neglected to renew it. The registrar of

the New Brunswick Dental Society, then a Moncton man, had him arrested. ("When I got out, after paying a \$2 license, I had a stand built in a vacant lot beside the home of the registrar. I hired a stranded troupe of minstrels and put on a show. Yessir, I taught the registrar to sing in the key of high C.")

He and his dark pretty 19-year-old bride wandered across the continent. At San Bernardino, California, Painless Parker bought an office. He decided to turn over a new leaf and be an ethical dentist.

He was waiting for patients when Mrs. Parker told him a baby was coming. She wanted the infant to be born back home in Brooklyn, not among strangers on the West Coast. ("I couldn't earn any money waiting for patients. I hired a wagon and a band and made a high pitch to get the dough to take us to Brooklyn. In six days I cleared \$1,286 after all expenses.")

Pitches Pulled in Patients

It was in Brooklyn at 124 Flatbush Avenue, that he tried for the last time to be a quiet respectable ethical dentist. He practiced as E. R. Parker, rather than Painless Parker. He had a small office which he rented for \$28.50 a month—and scraping the rent together was a hard job.

The rent collector, who had reason to be aware of Parker's difficulties, was William Beebe, a sympathetic man who had spent years with a circus as elephant handler, trombone player and ticket taker.

"Look, Parker," Beebe said one day, "you're just a dope. If you used circus methods you'd be a millionaire."

So Beebe became Parker's manager. ("He wanted to transform me, and I was willing to be transformed.")

Beebe's first order was that E. R. Parker revert to his old monicker, Painless Parker. ("He said it was more euphonious. Anyway there were other dentists named Parker.")

Beebe had Painless Parker make afternoon and evening outdoor appearances in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Coney Island. The Great Dentist, resplendent in stovepipe hat and frock coat, might have a banjo player and an accordion player with him, or a juggler or an acrobat or a magician.

Soon dozens, then hundreds, were streaming upstairs to the second floor of 124 Flatbush Avenue to pack his little office. He had more than he could do himself, had to hire a receptionist and another dentist.

Beebe insisted that he continue his outdoor appearances. And Beebe dreamed up the signs. The first of these was a mere five feet wide and 40 feet tall. It announced: "I am positively it in painless dentistry, yes sirree." The signs grew bigger and better.

One which ran 10 by 110 feet, proclaimed: "Painless Parker, peculiarly pleasing to particular patients and philanthropically predisposed to popular prices."

Parker's office couldn't hold the jam. He rented half a dozen other offices, advertised for dentists, engaged all he could find. ("Locating good dental talent was tough. The boys were filled up with ethics and weren't proud of working for me, even though I paid them much more than they could have earned on their own. I used to see them sneak out at the end of the day with their hats pulled down over their eyes.")

Beebe's next inspiration was a tight-rope walker. The rope was stretched from a window of Painless Parker's expanding suite of offices to the top of



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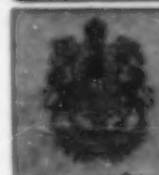


That's what I used to say, and it was true. Sometimes I'd dream of the day when I'd have time and leisure to do all the things I wanted to do, but I had to admit I wasn't doing anything about it except dream. I never seemed to be able to put anything aside.

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EXPORT

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CIGARETTE

Painless Parker

Continued from page 7

profession. In his own defense he says that millions who would have neglected their teeth have gone to dentists only because of him.

And Painless is actually his own best advertisement. At 78 he still has 26 natural teeth out of a possible 32. Only his own Parker method dentists have touched his mouth.

He maintains too, that by applying his favorite principles — "organize, systematize, capitalize and advertise" — he has been able to cut costs and pass the benefits on to the public.

"It takes a fair amount of courage to swim against the stream the way I have," he confides. "How would you like to go around with a name like Painless Parker?"

Painless Parker is his legal name, the one with which he signs cheques, the one that appears on his passport, the one in which he holds property.

But he was named Edgar Randolph Parker by his parents. That was in the little village of Tynemouth Creek, on the New Brunswick shore of the Bay of Fundy, where his forebears built and sailed ships.

Expelled From Acadia

The Parkers were the leading family of the community, upright God-fearing Baptists. Their Christian souls were to be sorely tried by the irrepressible Edgar.

He grew into a stocky broad-shouldered boy with strong muscles, bold handsome features, a voice like a foghorn and a talent for trouble.

Now, in spite of his age, he retains the handsome features, embellished by a neat white Vandyke, and he still has the foghorn voice. He's a man of medium height with broad shoulders and long powerful arms. His eyes, under shaggy brows, are a bright grey-blue and twinkle as he tells a story. His walk is a cross between the roll of a sailor and the strut of a soldier on parade. He usually wears dark suits, well-tailored, and a black felt hat. He has been mistaken for both a foreign diplomat and a character actor.

Edgar's mother wanted him to be a preacher and he was packed off to Acadia University in Nova Scotia. In a brief period there he was in more scrapes than any other student on record and was finally expelled.

His father then approached a friend with a hardware store in Saint John and obtained for Edgar "what father called a position, what mother called a situation, and what I called a job."

He reported for duty at 6 a.m. At 5.30 p.m. the same day he was carrying a heavy box of glass when his employer told him his weekly salary would be \$1.50. He dropped the case on the employer's toes, walked down to Saint John's water front, and signed on a schooner as cook. ("Between Saint John and Boston I threw away half a barrel of flour attempting to bake bread—I didn't know you put yeast in it. So they hired a new cook and made me an ordinary man.")

He sailed around the Horn three times, then returned to Tynemouth Creek because his mother was ill. She persuaded him to enter the old Baptist Seminary at St. Martins, N.B. Edgar was kicked out of there, too. ("A fellow who has rounded the Horn three times

on a windjammer should never attend a Baptist seminary.")

He was afraid to go home so he went to Moncton, N.B., where a wholesaler set him up as a traveling merchant, providing him with an ancient mare, a rickety cart, and a stock of household goods to be sold on commission. ("He said to me, 'Stick your foot in the door and don't take it out until you have an order.' It was as a peddler that I learned about salesmanship, psychology, how to make money.")

Ambitious for a Good Life

In a few months Parker owned his own outfit—a black stallion, silver-mounted harness, a rubber-tired rig. He was then 17, life was exciting and full of promise, but his father was waiting to spring. ("He thought peddling was a blot on the Parker escutcheon. I can still feel the licking I got when he caught up with me in Saint John. He auctioned off my horse and rig and dragged me home.")

After a week or so at Tynemouth Creek Edgar ran away to sea again. He rose to be second mate of a brigantine in the South American trade, but at Buenos Aires on the River Plate he came down with dengue fever. He was dropped off the vessel at the nearest hospital for British seamen, at Bridgetown, Barbados. He spent months there and developed an ambition. ("I saw doctors strolling around in white coats, not doing too much and it looked like a good life.")

So when he was well he caught a ship to New Brunswick and asked his parents if he could study medicine. But wooden shipbuilding was on its last legs in New Brunswick, his father's shipyard was faring no better than the rest of the industry, family funds were low and a medical course was expensive. Being a doctor seemed out of the question, so Edgar settled for a dental course, which was cheaper and shorter.

His father and mother handed him \$250 and their blessings.

He enrolled in the New York College of Dentistry. ("While the other boys were studying, I was out getting enough to eat, via door-to-door dentistry. I carried my tools with me. I'd put my foot in a door and give a spiel patterned after my peddler's spiel. If I sold some dentistry I'd start with the cook's teeth. If I didn't kill the cook, and was lucky, I'd wind up working on the teeth of the lady of the house. At first I'd encounter problems I hadn't come to yet in my dental course and I'd have to come back later when we reached that part of the book.")

Before a year was out in New York he had opened an office at 17th and Broadway. In his summer holidays, in New Brunswick, he journeyed through the province with an express wagon and mare as an itinerant dentist. ("I averaged \$28 a day, all of which the noble profession of tooth fixers didn't like, but hunger was stronger than ethics.")

From the New York College of Dentistry Parker went to the Philadelphia Dental College, from which he received his diploma when he was 20.

He planned to practice at St. Martins, the only centre of any size near Tynemouth Creek, and bought himself a fancy outfit for his triumphant homecoming. ("I was dressed up like a gambler, with a stovepipe hat, a

small mustache, pegtop pants, a peach of a vest with a horseshoe-and-whiphandle design, and a bunch of paste diamonds. I was the damndest-looking dentist you ever saw. I didn't tell my family I was arriving. As I strutted up the lane to my house, mother said to father, 'George, that must be our boy Ed.' When my father shook hands, he called me 'doctor.' I was pretty proud.")

But the glory soon faded. The fledgling dentist had counted on securing a loan from his father to open a fairly pretentious establishment. It wasn't forthcoming. All he could borrow was his mother's sewing machine, which he rigged up as a lathe, and the living room portieres.

He rented a vacant chair in the shop of St. Martins' one barber and hung the portieres around it for privacy. ("A sign painter in St. Martins needed a set of teeth and I made them for him in return for a sign. I nailed this up and waited for the line to form up at the right—but no line formed, no patients stormed the premises.")

He thought maybe his escapades at the Baptist Seminary were responsible for the lack of patrons. So he decided to impress the town with his piety. ("I attended church twice each Sunday. I sat in one of the front pews and did all the chores from passing the collection plate to singing louder than anybody else in the choir. I carried the biggest Bible ever taken into the Baptist Church at St. Martins—the Parker family Bible which weighed 15 pounds.")

Even this didn't bring customers. In three months his earnings reached the grand sum of 75 cents.

Parker often wandered over to the drugstore of his friend George Mallory. One day he asked Mallory why he had no patients.

"Well," said Mallory, who was quite a philosopher, "it's because people are afraid of dentists. If they don't have their teeth fixed, it's through ignorance, fear, lack of money, or procrastination. If you want to effect a cure you've got to remove the cause."

The words stuck in Parker's mind, became his credo, launched him on his adventures.

He packed his instruments and hitched a ride to Hampton, 25 miles away. There he emerged as "Painless Parker—The Great Dentist."

Cornet Covered the Screams

In a borrowed wagon lit by a borrowed lantern he tooted a borrowed dinner horn to draw an audience. Then, exercising the psychology he had acquired as a peddler and door-to-door dentist he launched into a lecture which was climaxed with the announcement that he could extract teeth "absolutely painlessly."

A farmer stepped forward, had two teeth pulled while the crowd watched, and proclaimed afterward that "it didn't hurt at all." A couple of others had teeth hauled and were equally enthusiastic. ("I took in \$8 that night and \$30 the next day and I was through with being an ethical dentist. I started for Vancouver, working towns all through Canada.")

Parker gambled on being able to make the label "painless" stick with the odds loaded in his favor. He used his gift for salesmanship to sell patients the idea that "it won't hurt a b..." He knew that most of the suffering done in

MACLEAN'S JAN. 1 MID-CENTURY ISSUE ON SALE DEC. 28

Cross Country

THE MARITIMES

FOR five-year-old Paul White, one of a miner's family of eight in Scotchtown, Cape Breton, it didn't mean anything that there was to be a refresher course for Maritime doctors at the medical school of Dalhousie University in Halifax. But for his physician it meant a lot. For Paul was a "blue baby," handicapped for life by a heart disorder which meant near-invalidism. And one of the guest teachers at the refresher was Dr. D. W. Gordon Murray, of Toronto, famed across Canada for the delicate operation which makes the heart of blue babies work normally again.

Paul was taken to Halifax and Dr. Murray agreed to do the operation despite a heavy program of lectures and clinics. Surgeons and medical students crowded into the operating theatre. While they watched, Dr. Murray successfully performed the first such operation ever done east of Montreal.

A week after the great day, Paul was looking forward to playing with his friends in Scotchtown. He'd never been able to play much before.

QUEBEC

In "On and Off the Record," the gossip column which Gerald Fitz-Gerald conducts in the Montreal Gazette, appeared a sad tale. A girl had appeared at the Queen Mary Hospital for veterans, represented herself as Donna Atwood, the skating star, and promised 200 free seats to the Ice Capades, a skating show. The pleased officers had rolled out the carpet for her, taken her on a tour of the hospital while she radiantly signed autographs.

It was all a hoax. The real Donna Atwood was honeymooning in Europe. Two hundred veteran patients swallowed their disappointment.

An anonymous reader saw the item, got Fitz on the phone. He'd put up the money for the 200 seats. Soon, a messenger arrived at The Gazette with \$300.

Not to be outdone, the Forum, where the show was to be staged, gave another

400 seats for the vets and, what's more, put the whole 600 in the \$2 section.

The day it happened? Remembrance Day, of course.

ONTARIO

Ontario is growing at the rate of 10,000 people a month, Premier Frost estimated recently, and has now passed the 4½ million mark. The largest province is maintaining its lead over Quebec, which is still just under four millions and growing at the rate of about 8,000 a month.

THE PRAIRIES

A powerful and sensitive new tool to put in the hands of uranium prospectors has been developed by a handful of scientists at the University of Manitoba under the direction of Dr. Robert W. Pringle, a 29-year-old nuclear physicist from Scotland. The device is a portable gamma ray spectrometer, and it is reported to be 100 to 400 times as sensitive in detecting uranium ores as the Geiger counter.

The spectrometer had a tryout at Lake Athabasca during the past summer. It was taken over areas already checked by the Geiger counter and found previously undiscovered deposits of uranium.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

One stormy night a bedraggled bluebird landed on the window sill of a ward in the Crippled Children's Hospital in Vancouver. The children spied it, called Nurse Elizabeth Clarke to bring it in out of the cold. She revived the bird—and the children's spirits. When she tucked the children in that night the idea came to her for a song that gives promise of reaching the Hit Parade. "There's a Bluebird on Your Window Sill" has been chosen the official theme song of the U.S. March of Dimes campaign.

"I was a shut-in myself and know how it feels to be remembered," says Mrs. Clarke. Accordingly, all the royalties from "Bluebird" are being turned over to the hospital or similar organizations aiding sick, orphaned or shut-in children.



Paul White, ex-blue baby. A refresher course refreshed his life. (Maritimes)



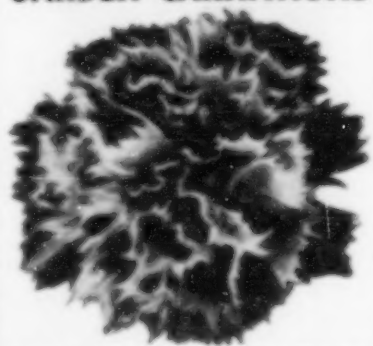
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an electric pole across the street. Traveling toward the pole the performer bellowed happily: "I've been to Painless Parker—he doesn't hurt at all!"

Retracing his steps, from the pole to the window, he cried gleefully: "I'm going to Painless Parker—he doesn't hurt at all!"

A human fly who needed a handout once in a while and was always ready to crawl up and down the face of the building for it had the same lines. Moving toward Parker's office, he chanted: "I'm going to Painless Parker—he doesn't hurt at all!" Moving away, he sang: "I've been to Painless Parker—he doesn't hurt at all!"

Gold Inlay for a Walrus

As money poured in Parker's "high pitches" away from 124 Flatbush Avenue assumed more impressive proportions. He was able to take along a whole brass band, instead of just a couple of musicians, or a whole company of jugglers or acrobats.

And now he had thousands of patients, instead of hundreds. He leased the entire second floor of the building. He had 15 dentists, each of whom handled three chairs. He and Beebe figured that a dentist could do a lot more in a day if he had three patients in three different chairs than if he just had one patient in one chair. It meant he could be busy all the time, instead of standing around while a filling hardened or a gum froze for an extraction.

They installed an overhead cash-carrying system to carry the "box office receipts" from the 45 chairs to the cashier.

By 1900 Painless Parker not only had his huge tooth-fixing emporium on Flatbush Avenue but five branch establishments scattered around the boroughs of Greater New York. He also had offices at Albany and Troy.

His turnover reached \$5,000 a day. His name was a household word; vaudeville comedians cracked jokes about him; and the blood pressure of other dentists jumped whenever he was mentioned.

The dental profession was sniping at him now at every turn. He had to have lawyers to protect him in court, lobbyists to counter the lobbyists of the profession at the state capital. He felt he was fighting a delaying action, a losing battle, but he kept up the show.

When there was a circus anywhere around he would arrange to fill or pull the teeth of lions and tigers, or to put a gold inlay in the tusk of a walrus. He did this, of course, in the centre ring. It was publicity for the circus, publicity for Painless Parker, and circusgoers loved it.

It was in this period he discovered that if you had a bucketful of dimes and quarters you could have fun and gain attention. All you had to do was post yourself at an intersection where traffic was heavy, dip your hands into the bucket, and toss the coins in all directions. ("Yessir, those were the days. Bill Beebe and I could cook up more tricks than you could shake a stick at.")

But in 1904 Bill Beebe died. Painless Parker caught typhoid a few weeks after the funeral. The disease left him weak and jittery and before the year was out he had a nervous breakdown. He sailed to Europe to recuperate.

And when he returned to New York his heart wasn't in the struggle any

more. ("I was 35, I had half a million bucks. I decided I'd never do another tap.")

He sold out and the Parkers—by now he and his wife had a son and two daughters—headed for Los Angeles early in 1905. ("I was going to relax for keeps.")

But the salt winds of the Pacific restored The Great Dentist's zest for excitement, competition, crowds. Showmanship was in his blood.

It was the story of his rise in New York all over again, in a West Coast setting and with minor variations. For his Los Angeles debut he hired the orchestra of the hotel where he was staying and held a concert on a vacant lot on a downtown street. In between musical selections he pulled teeth. Before darkness fell all Los Angeles was talking about him.

He rented an office, engaged a staff. Once more he had a tightrope walker, a human fly, giant signs. He was sentimental about circuses. He bought a small one—a 50-foot roundtop complete with a band, clowns, acrobats, bareback riders, moth-eaten wild animals and gilded wagons.

He would have a parade in the morning, a free tent show in the afternoon. In the parade he rode on top of the fanciest wagon, doffing his stove-pipe hat to the spectators. At the tent show he lectured about dentistry and coaxed spectators into the ring to have teeth "painlessly" extracted.

He inserted quarter-page and half-page advertisements in the newspapers; he scattered silver coins from a bucket; Los Angeles folks vowed that they'd never seen such a character.

There were patients by the thousands. He got a bigger office, added to his staff. His greatest difficulty was finding qualified dentists who were willing to work for him. ("They were, I might say, disdainful. They acted as if they were choir girls and I was the madam of a house of ill repute.")

A number of those who agreed to join him had drunk themselves close to, if not into, the gutter. He sent them to a sanatorium to be dried out and staided up, gave them new clothes, helped them with their debts. If they were married he also had heart-to-heart talks with their wives. ("Nothing drives a man to the bottle quicker than a nagging woman.")

It was at Los Angeles that Parker experimented with methods of rehabilitating alcoholics. He developed a system which worked in a high percentage of cases and which has since put many a dentist back on his feet. Some men he salvaged from Skid Row are now earning \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year as his employees.

Retreat to the Pacific

Parker is a strong supporter of Alcoholics Anonymous and depends on it for assistance in his efforts as a reformer. He hasn't had a drink himself for 40 years, although he once drank his share. Nor does he smoke any more. At 78 his hand is as steady as a young man's. ("Even today, I can fix a tooth with the best of them.")

From Los Angeles Parker and his private circus journeyed to San Francisco, Oakland, Long Beach, Pasadena, Sacramento, San Diego, San Jose, San Pedro, Stockton, Fresno, Hakersfield. At all these California centres he opened offices.

He ranged into Oregon, where he opened offices at Portland, Salem,

Eugene, and into Washington where he opened offices at Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma and Bellingham. He set up an office at Reno, Nevada, and at Vancouver.

He traveled east and re-established branches in New York. And he invaded New England. But the ethical dentists, attacking him with all their artillery, overpowered him in state legislatures.

Acts were passed to outlaw display advertising by dentists, chain dental parlors, public exhibitions by dentists. He was furiously condemned by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Journal. He entered suit against Fishbein for \$100,000.

According to Parker, he won a moral victory over Fishbein, and Fishbein promised not to badger him any more if he withdrew his action.

But Parker was gradually forced back to the Pacific Coast where his activities are now concentrated. Yet even in the free and easy atmosphere of the Pacific coast he has felt the pressure of those who maintain that dentistry should be a solemn, dignified, discreet profession.

California put through a statute back in 1918 to compel dentists to practice under their right names. The objective was to stop Edgar Randolph Parker from practicing as Painless Parker and deprive him of his trademark.

Painless Was "The Paleface"

His answer to this was to go to court and have his name legally changed to Painless Parker. ("The first judge I went to wouldn't change it. He said it was unethical. But, actually, you can have your name changed to whatever you want. So I went to a wisser judge. Now, for better or for worse, I'm Painless Parker.")

But, in the main, the profession was able to curb Parker's flamboyant publicity. Display advertising by dentists is now illegal in all provinces of Canada and in all states of the union except California, Washington and Oregon.

However, no laws have been devised to stop Painless Parker being a spectacular character. Perhaps the most fitting tribute to his showman's achievements came when Hollywood cast Bob Hope as "Painless Potter" in "The Paleface," a rollicking farce inspired by Parker's life.

Parker can't count any movie stars among his patients but they're often among his guests at Valle Vista Ranch, his lavish place in the Santa Clara Valley. ("It's by way of being an exhibition piece which I maintain, at some slight cost, to arouse envy on the part of my friends the ethical dentists.")

Since Mrs. Parker died in 1945 Painless has been lonely and more frequently he returns to visit New Brunswick and the scenes of his youth. He travels by train and visits old friends like quiet Fred G. Spencer, of Saint John, who owns movie theatres throughout the Atlantic provinces.

Journeying to Saint John last October he got off the train at McAdam two hours from his destination, for a cup of coffee in the station restaurant.

It was good coffee. He congratulated the chef.

"Last time I was here," he boomed in a voice that shook everybody in the restaurant, "I had to pull the cook's teeth to pay for my coffee. And it wasn't nearly so good." ★

WHO ARE THE CENTURY'S GREAT? SEE MACLEAN'S JAN. 1

MAILBAG

It Can Happen Here,
Says Canadian in U. K.

I feel constrained to write in the strongest terms (about) your comment on George Orwell's book "Nineteen Eighty-Four" (Editorial, Sept. 15). Just over a year ago I sailed from Montreal for this country where two months after arriving I joined the Royal Air Force. Before leaving Canada I considered myself very liberal in attitude and outlook, in matters political and social . . . I strongly favored most of the tenets and policies of the CCF. I looked upon the Socialist Government of Britain as a worthy social experiment—true liberalism come into its own. And so I arrived, largely inspired by the desire to see for myself.

I have seen, struggling in its birth pangs, a system of restriction, regulation, direction—a system fallaciously propounding ideals of enhanced human dignity. It is a system proclaiming itself the champion of human freedom and social advancement and yet, at the same time, denying both implicitly and in fact any advancement in human dignity which our society may have made. It denies implicitly, and more and more in fact, the right or ability of the individual to exercise any judgment in the direction of his affairs.

Socialism, even in so far as it has been developed here, has no more regard for the dignity, freedom and worth of the individual *per se* than has Fascism or Communism. The only difference is that where the latter enthroned, even deity, the autocrat, Socialism substitutes the bureaucrat . . .

You say that, "Whatever else fate has in store for us, it won't be George Orwell's Utopia." I deny that. I say that that is precisely what fate does have in store for us, if Socialism should be allowed to develop for another two or three generations. — F/O Gordon Barber, North Luffenham, England.

Open Season on Editors

Normally I have low blood pressure. Doctor recommends my finding some way to step it up once or twice a month, so I take your good magazine. Your recent editorial on government-operated lotteries did the trick. (Editorial, Nov. 1.) Why don't you campaign against the liquor setup? I would like to bet the best Nylon lariat in Calgary against one pair of brown shoe laces (made in Toronto) that you can't write a convincing editorial showing your consistency in these matters.—J. L. Williamson, Calgary.

● Despite what you say in your radio license editorial (Nov. 15), I still think (a subsidy) would be the fairest for the Canadian taxpayer and radio owner. What do we care if the CBC becomes a government stooge when it is making stooges out of all taxpayers with the gestapo Radio Act and the petty-minded civil servants who enforce it?—John T. Schmidt, Ayr, Ont.

"Better Every Issue"

I have been a reader of this magazine for some years and I think it gets better

each issue. We liked "Bush Wife" (Sept. 1) very much, and it is interesting to read about the mining country and bush life of this country. Gordon Sinclair's stories are always good for a laugh . . . I would like to have been with Jack Scott at the nudist camp. I don't think the women look so hot naked, but the men might be more of a freak.—Nan Allen, Toronto

● Why do you waste so much time, paper, and printers' ink printing so much fiction in your magazine, filling



the public minds with make-believe? No such wonder we have a topsy-turvy world today.—C. S. Massey, Toronto.

She'd Call Town "Dreadful"

The article "Jim Crow Lives in Dreaden" (Nov. 1) is not only extremely well written, but also a splendid, much needed contribution to the cause of Canadian unity.—Abraham L. Feinberg, Rabbi, Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto.

● May I express my appreciation of the excellent article.—Romeo Girard, secretary, Labor Committee Against Racial Intolerance, Montreal.

● I think the place should be renamed "Dreadful."—Mrs. Chas. J. Parkinson, London, Ont.

● One of the finest articles on race relations I ever read in a Canadian publication.—Kalmen Kaplansky, director, Jewish Labor Committee, Montreal.

Red Rouge Lives in Edmonton

So Dreaden has 300 colored residents! (Maclean's, Nov. 1). Edmonton has thousands of them. The majority of them here are females and most of them are artificially colored, right to their finger tips. A lot of these have married white men who, apparently, are unable to distinguish plated ware from the genuine. There should be a law.—W. W. Davis, Edmonton.

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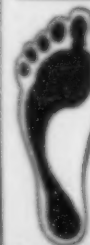
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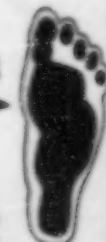
Harvey Selby Shoes Ltd.
London, Ontario

Do you
stand
like this



OR

like this?



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You'll just adore "Sparkle Plenty," she's 14 inches of the most wonderful, beautiful baby girl in the world, as warm and snugly as a real baby . . . because she's made of soft, life-like "Magic Skin."

Her arms and legs can move, her head can turn . . . she closes her eyes and goes to sleep! "Sparkle" is dressed in a lovely bathrobe and diaper . . . you will love her! "Sparkle Plenty" will come to you, without cost, as a reward for sending us THREE 2-year subscriptions to MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE at \$5.50 each. Simply call on friends and neighbours and tell them that for only \$5.50 MACLEAN'S will be delivered to their home twice every month for two years.

One of these subscriptions may be from your own home, the other two must be SOLD at the full price to friends and neighbours.

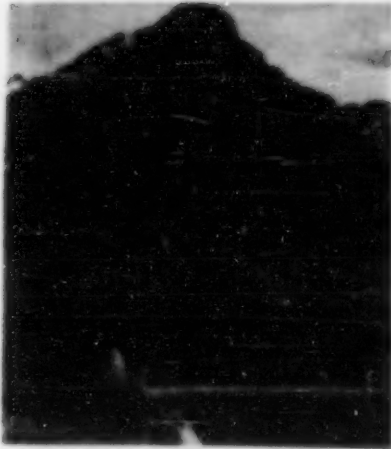
As soon as you have the three subscriptions, print the names and addresses on a plain sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail with the \$10.50 remittance to the address below. "Sparkle Plenty" will come to you by mail!



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Prize Manager, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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WIT AND WISDOM

"First — the Bake —" The Alberta Drama Board suggests that in the matter of culture Canada is still in the diaper stage. Another way of saying "all wet"?—*Toronto Star*.

It Would Still Be Understatement—"Pretty Bear, Indian Girl, Wins Beauty Contest"—headline in western United States newspaper. Spell the second word differently and leave out the third and it could be used for any beauty contest.—*Kingson Whig-Standard*.

Terrible Truth—A woman who tells the truth about her age is dangerous. She will tell the truth about anything.—*Calgary Herald*.

Simple Explanation — Scotch Terrier—A dog walked into three different Chicago taverns this week. In each instance he singled out a beer drinker, nipped his leg and then walked out. Could this possibly be the reincarnation of Carrie Nation?—*Fort William Times-Journal*.

The Average Mustache—An awning
For yawning.
—*Fort William Times-Journal*.

Too Good—Client: "Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

Artist: "My friend, I can make it so lifelike that you'll jump every time you see it."—*Moncton Times*.

Well Illustrated—A little girl dashed over to her mother in great excitement. She had found a pressed maple leaf in the pages of the family Bible.

"Just look what I've found, mother," she cried. "I bet it belonged to Eve."—*Fredericton Gleaner*.

Save Steps—Funeral Director (to aged mourner): "How old are you?"

Aged Mourner: "I'm 97; he 98 next month."

Funeral Director: "Hardly worth going home, is it?"—*Galt Reporter*.

Next Stop, Mukden—A woman got on a bus and took the only empty seat, next to a harmless-looking reveler. Soon she opened a map of Manchuria and began to study it.

The reveler gazed at the map for a while and finally addressed the woman in an interested tone: "Sure you're on the right bus?"—*Palmerston Gazette*.

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Neither deep snow nor soft muskeg can stop the big yellow machines, for they're on an important mission. They're bringing you the yearly miracle of your Christmas tree.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

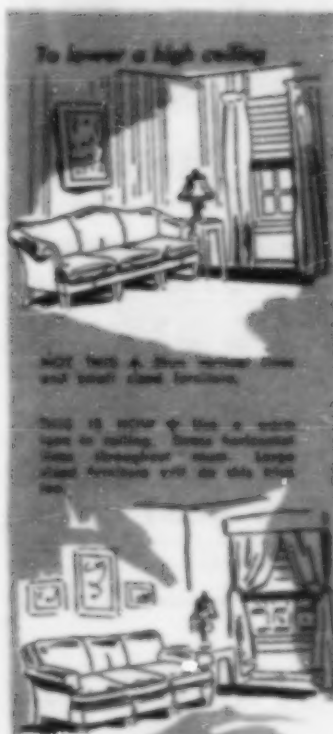
CATERPILLAR DIESEL

WHEN YOU THINK OF CHRISTMAS
TREES, THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW
MACHINES THAT HELP PRODUCE THEM

ENGINES
TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

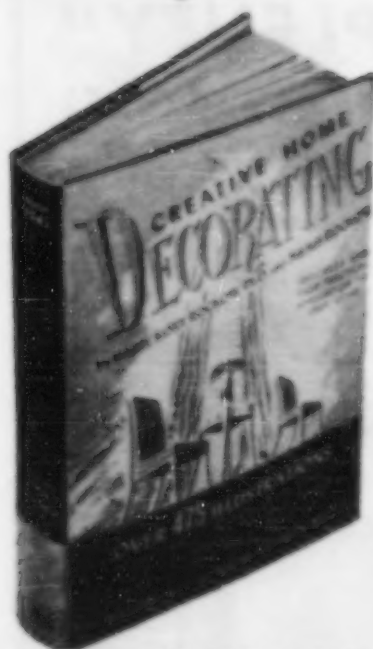
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AS FAR as Parade's mail would indicate, the parking-meter story has vanished like the cigar-store Indian. You'll recall a great flurry of anecdotes about people mistaking parking meters for slot machines and fire boxes, drunks depositing a nickel for hanging - on privileges, etc.—but apparently everybody got used to them and they became as prosaic as juke boxes or hydrants . . . Till the other day, that is, when a Parade scout in Port Arthur came upon a cop stopped dead in his tracks by a sight likely to chill the heart of any town treasurer: two pint-size English cars parked for the price of one before a single meter.

Motorists who regularly drive through Shediac, N.B., have noted a slight but official increase in the population as announced by the highway sign at the entrance to the town. A thoughtful citizenry had the sign changed to read "Shediac—Population 3,002," when the mayor's wife presented him with twins.

Old Bill, a prairie veteran of a fast-vanishing vintage, limped into the home of a neighbor near Red Deer, Alta., and asked that someone please phone the doctor for him. His clothes were ripped to shreds, his well-weathered features bruised, battered and scraped. "That skittish horse I just bought," he gasped by



way of explanation. "Leadin' him to pasture and did something I shouldn't . . . tied the halter shank round my wrist . . . pesky critter bolted . . ."

The old fellow winced and grunted as he eased himself into a chair. "Hadh't been drug a hundred yards 'fore I knowed I'd done wrong."

Saskatoon girl hit the trail east, found a job in Toronto and even put up with Hogtown fairly cheerfully for a year before a sudden attack of homesickness made her decide to quit and go home by the next train. The only catch was she'd paid for her room two weeks in advance and her

landlady was as hard-boiled as they make 'em. But recalling that old flintheart invariably received Westerners with considerable alarm mixed with her normal suspicion, she hit on a stratagem that worked like a charm. "It's my mother and



father," she explained, holding back a sob. "Both scalped in an Indian raid . . ."

The Lady Bluebeard of rooming-house row not only refunded her money but even called a cab for the poor orphan from Saskatoon.

Fellow in Vancouver refused to be at all abashed when asked by his wife to exchange some knitting wool, even though this took him into the heart of department store no man's land. As hundreds of bargain-bent females fluttered about him he did his errand with careless aplomb, even wisecracking to the salesgirl that there was "no place for a man in this department!"

"No sir," she agreed sympathetically, and then to his horror leaned toward him to whisper, "but down-stairs, beside the post office, you'll find a men's room."

The Saturday evening was cold and wet in Walkerton, Ont., when a young couple marched their three-year-old into a shoe store to be resoled. A new pair was selected following a proper try-on, and after some confused discussion as to whether Tommy should wear the new shoes or father carry them, the family started off down the street to finish their shopping. They'd gone about a block, neither parent paying much attention to the youngster's persistent prattle about "My shoes . . . my shoes . . ." before they suddenly discovered that the new shoes were in a box under daddy's arm, the old shoes still in the store, and Tommy was padding along the wet sidewalk in his stocking feet.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

